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The Journal of

Lieutenant John McHenry Hollingsworth

of the

First New York Volunteers

[Stevenson's Regiment]

September 1846 - August 1849

THE NEW YORK VOLUNTEER

Reproduced from the drawing in the Hollingsworth Journal. This sketch was possibly intended to represent the Lieutenant himself.

Being a recital of the voyage of the Susan Drew to California, the arrival of the regiment in that; its military movements and adventures during 1846-1848-1849; incidents of daily life, and adventures of the author in the gold mines.

SAN FRANCISCO
CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
1929

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FOREWORD

The original manuscript of the Hollingsworth Journal, now in the possession of Mr. C. Templeton Crocker, is written in a ruled notebook, 6x8½ inches, 327 pp., and illustrated with a number of pencil and watercolor sketches of scenes in South America and California. The entries are dated but are not always consecutively arranged. They are here placed in proper sequence. The spelling, punctuation and capitalization of the original have been followed. With the diary is a chronological summary of events. Those not mentioned in the diary are enclosed in brackets and inserted under their proper dates.

INTRODUCTION

THE STEVENSON REGIMENT

In 1846, the culmination of a long series of aggressions and acts of hostility on the part of the Mexicans determined the United States to bring all controversies to some conclusion, and accordingly war with Mexico was declared.

In the deliberations of the government the question of California was raised for early consideration. The territory of California was remote and but little known. It had been reached by a few Americans, some of whom crossing the Rocky mountains, came with small bands of trappers; a few others had come in whaling or trading vessels. It was almost a **terra incognita.** The long and tedious voyage from New York occupied from five to six months. Some rumors had filtered backwards of vague differences between the Americans and the Spanish Californians, and several outbreaks had already occurred. As a Mecca the popularity of California in 1846 was not great, and its attractions were not entirely alluring.

In the summer of 1846, very early in the war, President Polk decided to send a force of volunteers by sea to the Pacific coast. The purposes of this contingent and its mission were unusual, and quite different from those of the ordinary expeditionary force. The selection was made with great care and intelligence. They were not mere adventurers and gentlemen of fortune. They were active, able-bodied men who were accustomed to think and act and work. Each man was skilled in some useful trade or occupation. They were the men "who transform the material into the necessaries and luxuries of human existence." As the regiment was to be mustered out in California, each man was under obligation to remain there, and to assist in colonizing the country.

The commander was Col. Jonathan Drake Stevenson, then well known in New York, and subsequently prominent in California. His famous organization known as the "First New York Volunteers," or "Stevenson Regiment," consisted of 767 officers and men, rank and file. Many of them were under twenty-five years of age.

In September, 1846, under the command of Col. Steven-

son, a part of the regiment sailed for California on board of the three ships, Thomas H. Perkins, Loo Choo, and Susan Drew, followed shortly after by the remainder of the contingent aboard the Brutus, Isabella, and Sweden. They arrived in San Francisco in March and April, 1847. The companies were assigned to various posts, and some of them saw action at La Paz in Lower California. They remained in active service until September, 1848, when they were mustered out. Company D, which was then at La Paz, was without doubt the last command of American troops to leave the soil of Mexico after the close of the Mexican War.

The discovery of gold in January, 1848, affected the members of this regiment but little, and it is to their credit that there were but few desertions, which speaks well for the character of the men. The rapid growth of the country following the gold excitement rendered their obligations of permanent residence more or less perfunctory, and some of them returned to New York. The great majority however remained in California, and as Historian John S. Hittell says: "Stevenson's men as a class became permanent, many of them worthy, and some of them prominent, citizens of California; thus justifying the wisdom of the cabinet in devising its plan of enlistment, and selecting the agents who accepted the men." Another eminent writer, Cronise, who with Hittell had known many members of the regiment says: "The volunteer service of the United States has been honored by the exemplary conduct of the members of Col. Stevenson's regiment."

R. E. Cowan.

JOHN McHENRY HOLLINGSWORTH

John McHenry Hollingsworth was born in Baltimore in 1823, the son of Horatio Hollingsworth and Emily Caroline Ridgely. His mother was a granddaughter of Samuel Chase, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

August 31, 1846, he was mustered into the service at Fort Columbus to serve for the war, as a brevet lieutenant in Captain Shannon's Company of the 7th Regiment (Stevenson's New York Volunteers). May 2, 1847, he was transferred to Company G, and was mustered out with that company, September 18, 1848, at Los Angeles.

After leaving the service, Lieutenant Hollingsworth remained in California in and around the Southern Mines, and in

1849 he was selected as a member of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey, from the District of San Joaquin. He took an active part in the deliberations of the Convention which formed the California Constitution, and after its adjournment, Governor Riley selected him as a bearer to the Government at Washington of the new Constitution.

Although he was one of the first in the gold regions, he accumulated no wealth, and after his return east was appointed collector for the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Sometime during this period he removed to Georgetown, where he became one of the officers of the Potomac Light Infantry, a crack militia company. On the breaking out of the Rebellion this company was incorporated into the 1st Battalion District of Columbia Volunteers, with Hollingsworth as major. He was mustered in, May 1, 1861, for three months, and mustered out as major, July 23.

No further record of him has been found until he was appointed Superintendent of Mount Vernon in 1872. On account of ill health he retired in 1885, and thereafter lived in retirement in Georgetown until his death from Bright's disease, April 15, 1889, leaving a widow, Virginia Nichols, daughter of Colonel William Nichols, but no children. Mrs. Hollingsworth survived him until 1895.

H. R. Wagner.

Journal of John McHenry Hollingsworth

A Lieutenant in Stevenson's Regiment in California

JOURNAL

Sailed on Ship Susan Drew the 26 of September

[Sailed on board ship Susan Drew commanded by Capt Putman the 26th of Sept 1846 with troops on board bound for California.]

Nothing of any consequence occurred untill the twenty ninth when during a gale of wind we saw a vessel which created some excitement and many speculations as to what she was, and where she was going. nothing further until the second of October when orders were issued for the men to parade barefooted which was fun for them. two dolphins were caught the same day, they were fine eaten.

OCT. 7, saw a sail which we took to be the Perkins at half past seven fired a signal rocket. received an answer from her, when she bore down upon us passed within hailing distance but didnot hail

OCT. 19, put one of the men in the guardhouse for disobeying my orders

OCT. 20, had a gale of wind the water came in the cabin, wet all my clothes, spoilt some of them.

OCT. 26, a swallow came and lit on the vessel and was caught. it made me think of home I thought it might have come from there I thought of all at home and how much I should like to see them I must not let my mind dwell on home, I must go and try to win a name If I fall in battle I trust that I shall die like a soldier with my face to the enemy. I saw a great many fish of different kinds and a large shark that we failed to catch

What is your duty sentinel here to mind that porter barrel, sir, let no boats land, and let no sharks come on board.

I do not like the sea If ever I can get to land once more I shall never leave it You never feel well at sea. . .

OCT. 27. Written on guard at one oclock at night.

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed.
Till the lone watch I now am keeping,
I didnot know how much you were beloved

How many acts of kindness little heeded
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now
My friends my absent friends
Do you think of me as I think of you.
The busy deck is hushed no sounds are wakeing

But the watch paceing silent and slow
The waves against the sides incessant breaking
And rope and canvass swaying to and fro,
While red and fitful gleams come from the binocle

The only light on board to guide us, where,
My friends my absent friends
Far from my native land and far from you.

Several sails appeared in sight to day. It rained all day We have had great rains. All our things were floating about the cabin to day a butterfly came on board I tried to catch it but could not. it must have flown from the coast of Africa it was a pleasant sight to me. had I been on shore I should not have looked at it. I cannot write the vessel shakes so much How glad I am that I do not use tobacco how much money I can save by not useing it It is hard for a young man to be steady for it is considered a merit to be disippated how much a man has to struggle against it. It is well that I have a good, Mother with god's help I will follow your counsel. I believe she never forgets me in her prayer's. how much trouble have I given her and how often have I grieved her and my sisters Poor Emily you are not forgot how often in my watch do I think of you. I might have lighten thy sorrows thy sorrows have entered our poor Mothers heart.

OCT. 28. It rained all day we saw many large black fins how much rain we have had it [is] so hot that we go and stand on deck and get wet rather than go in our hot climate in the cabin. How bad I feel to day I have never felt well since

I left home. A farmers life is the easiest one in the world and the best for health it has spoilt me and made me unfit for any thing else. I went to the guard house. it was full. most of my own company were in it they had broke the rules. By eaten below deck. it is very hot in there I cannot see how they do to breathe I felt for them. The lice were crawling over them. How glad I am that Ned didnot come on this expedition

Another rainy day every thing in our cabin floating how glad shall I be when I get on shore once more I was on guard last night and was obliged to place our sergeant under arest for sleeping on his post. he will be tried by a court martial to day. I had a talk with Colonel Burten to day. he seemed anxious that we should get along faster. he has been very kind to me and I think favours me some times. Captain Negley [Nagley] has also been my friend. I heard part of a conversation between him and Uncle Chase, before I left New York. He said, "Negley if any thing happens to him, say he died a clever fellow and bury him with the honor's of war" He replied there's no danger of that, for we shall not see any fighting. Uncle Chase said but you may fall out among yourselves. . . I hope that neither will come to pass and that I shall return safe to my friends.

The harmony of our mess was broken for the first time to day. liquor was the cause of it. What a curse it is I wish that there was none. I have been brought up better. Thanks to a kind Mother I trust I may be preserved from it. how many fine young men are throwing them selves away by their folly. I would do anything to persuade Ned not to tamper with it. I hope when I see him again that he will be wiser.

NOV. 3. I am now seated in front of the cabin in the door way A swallow has lit on my knee. poor bird you could not find rest on the Ocean and you have found rest on me I will not harm you. may I always find as safe a place to rest as you have!

"All's well." Ide give the world if I could echo
Back that sound. All's well. It may be so with thee
Thou watchful sentinel,
But till my mind from sorrow free
I dare not say. All's well!

Written on guard

Mutiny is among us. The men of Company D were ordered to bathe, which they refused to do. Captain Negly seemed determined to be obeyed. Captain Shannon detailed some men from Company I, to carry the order in to execution. by some mistake all the men were composed of new recruits. they mutinied also, and they were sent to the guard house with the rest of the mutineers. The guard house is full. when will this end. Retired to bed early. Was waken by a great noise. The officer of the guard told me that he could not manage the prisoners. That they had broken down the door of the guard house, were out and tearing the house to pieces. I got up directly and advised the officer of the day to arm himself, told Pendleton to wake up the Captain. . Who treated it very lightly. The guard on the forecastle assisted the mutineers to throw the plank over board. they cheered long and loud. It now began to spread more The rest of the men who had behaved well hitherto now joined in the cheering. We cannot do anything untill we get to Rio. Things then became quiet The prisoners went and stood where the guard house was The guard took their posts again. I now went to bed and slept late. There are too many gentleman soldiers with us they are the cause of all our difficulties. These men must now be tried. What will be the issue I cannot tell. I hope I will not be on the Court Martial, for I should have to be Judge advocate, and do the writing. I had to put two of the prisoners in irons this morning it was a very unpleasant duty to perform We passed a quiet night But the mutiny is not quelled yet something more must be done. I fear a dreadful example must be made of some of them.

NOV. 4. What a beautiful night it was last night. I spent some time in the rigging thinking of home. I must dress for guard mounting. I shall have charge of the prisoners I hope we shall not have any more trouble with them. They appear to be very much cast down. nothing has occurred of any consequence The prisoners are to remain in irons untill we get to Rio. One of them named Kelly has a wife and daughter who are seated at his feet, while his wife is feeding him. His chains rattled in my ears all night.

NOV. 6. How tired I am of the Ship and of the sea life. We will cross the line to day. Neptune cannot come on board we are too strong for him. I sometimes, think that I ought not to have become a soldier, how much I have got to learn. I must study hard. How much I have neglected. How often I

feel mortified, but it has been part of my life to conceal my ignorance. I will strive hard and I mustnot be so down hearted. It is all my own fault. I have not had any reports in writing to do yet it has all fallen on the clerk. They think at home that I never tried. But I never was blest with intellect like any other person. I have always had a very indolent mind. But I shall improve I hope some of these days. I will not mortify my family if ever it is Gods will that I see them again.

NOV. 7. We are safe over the Equator, And the weather which has for the past week been very warm, is now very pleasant. We are sailing very fast this morning, with a delightful breeze. Nothing has occurred of any consequence. We have seen a great many flying fish. every body is cross and tired

NOV. 8. We have had a nother difficulty in our cabin with two of the officers. The mutiny is not quelled yet. We have had more trouble: Cpt Negley's servant behaved very badly he was sent to the masthead but would not stay there. A rope was tied around his waist. The men refused to hall him up. The officers where obliged to do it themselves. first taking the precaution to make all the men go below. he didnot stay long in his sling but climbed higher, and then came down He will be punished with the rest of the prisoners. Neptune didnot come on board to day. We were too strong for him, and intended to have shave'd him ourselves. The little drummer was taken sick to day and had a blister put on his head. I should like to know his history very much. he is far from his home and friends, Yet he is cheerful We have a disorderly set about us. None of them are fit for soldiers. There ought to be an example made of some of them. The more I see of a sailors life The more I dislike it. They are a set of tyrants. Their greatest pleasure is to tell you a lie of some kind, and then say they have quizzed you. I have had very little to say to Captain Putnam I do not know what to make of him. You can never find out on land, what a sailor is. What a rascal we have for a steward he makes away with our provisions. And the impudent black rascal, The cook, Is in league with him he is the biggest rascal of the two. he was on board of the Somers during the mutiny, and I think they are concerned in this.

NOV. 9. Mutiny again. Another man was placed in Irons to day, for disobeying orders. I had the prisoners in charge. I was relieved at four oclock, at Seven they got their irons off. It was found out by the Officer of the guard. They had been

thrown over board. The prisoners had new irons put on them which I do not think they will get off in a hurry. The officers were obliged to put them on. they went about it with the determination of doing it, none are to be trusted. This mutiny has spread further than any one thinks. I cannot convince the officers of it. I am prepared for them. Nothing would be easier than for them to take the vessel. some few might rally around their officers. They are now trying some of them. I am glad I am not on the Court Martial. They wanted to put me on as Judge Advocate they do not know how stupid I am, I am not competent to be one. I do not think there is an Officer on board that does not wish himself at home they will never volunteer again. A vessel is no place for soldiers, it does not suit them it was bad policy to send us by sea. You cannot have any discipline. I think if one were shot it would bring them to their senses.

Some of the disagreables of sea life. You cannot take any exercise The vessel rolls so much that you never feel well. The fleas are very troublesome. If you get up early you will find the deck wet they are always washing it at that time. There is no comfort at sea There is always a salt or damp smell on your cloathes from the spray you spoil all your boots. I look round from day to day, and see nothing but the blue water. There is no place like the sea for reflection. And if a man would but keep the resolutions that he makes when seasick he would be a better man. I have not described sea sickness yet, But I shall never forget that part of my voyage. it is not to be forgotten. I have not received any benefit from it yet as regards my health. I think I have fallen away.

NOV. 11. I saw a large porpoise this morning. it was before any one was up. I thought for sometime to day upon a plan that I have had in my head, Of making a settlement in California. I have had some conversation with some of the men about it I think I can find some trusty person to join me. We have all planned what we are going to do when we get to Rio. We have a beautiful boat to go on shore, and a picked crew. nothing has been seen of the fleet since we left New York. The Preble has not been any assistance to us. We wanted her badly to put our prisoners on board. I have spent the last few days studying. I have studied hard. We had a fine cake to day for lunch. We all thought it very nice If we had been on shore we would not have looked at it, but at sea you

put up with any thing. The water that you drink you would not wash your hands in on shore. I never was as careless as I now am in my dress I have paid no attention to shaveing and I do not think I ever looked so homely as I do now when I look in the glass I do not know myself I hope I will fatten up before I get back

NOV. 12. There has been a great many speculations as to which vessel would get to Rio first The mate said in a laughing way, if the Susan Drew does get in last, I will walk forward and spit right in Susans face. Susan is the young lady that stands at the head of our vessel she is as large as life with very rosy cheeks, very fat and a very large bustle her dress is white she looks like a live woman at a distance.

NOV. 15. We have had a death on board For the first time I witnessed a burial at sea. the corpse was placed on a plank and then slided in the sea. it was one splash and the dark water closed over him for ever. he was buried with the honours of war. We all appeared in full dress, and they fired three rounds over him. I never in my life saw so little feeling shewn their was not a tear shed. None cared for him It is hard to die far from home and friends.

NOV. 16. I feel very well to day. I was very absent [minded] at the dinner table to day and was helping my self to sauce over my pudding and struck up a song. then the toast will be woman dear woman It created quite a sensation. We have now been sixty days from New York and have not reached Rio yet Have not seen any thing for some days not even a fish. every thing is very dull.

NOV. 19. We are in sight of the Brazil coast but were obliged last night to put to sea again It blew very hard I never saw the sea look so grand First a blaze of lightening, then a peal of thunder, then all dark night again It was an awful sight. Thank God we are all safe and well this morning. The commissary has got me on a board of inspection to examine his spoilt vegetables

Proceedings of a board of survey convened in pursuance of the following order

Ship Susan Drew October [Nov.] 19th 1846

A board of survey to consist of first Lieut Gilbert 2nd Lieuts. Day and

Hollingsworth will assemble to day. at 4 P M for the purpose of examining stores reported by Cpt Marcy A. C. S

By order of
Lieut Col Burton

Signed, J C Bonnycastle First Lt Adjt

Report. The board convened pursuant to the above order. Present all the members and examined the following stores viz two and half barrels of potatoes and two barrels of Onions and found 2½ barrels of potatoes and ¾ barrels of Onions spoiled and unfit for use

Secy J McHenry Hollingsworth
Second Lieut 7th Regt N Y V

I am so tired of the sea, that I often go to the pigpen and look at the pigs eating and wish myself at home feeding some of ours We have just passed a sail and exchanged signals with her she was English at least she hoisted those colours. Four sails in sight. I went to the masthead, but could not make any thing of them. We had quite an alarm at bedtime last night. the steward who had been very troublesome for sometime and scalded one of our men. The men determined to punish him for it. After dark as he was passing the forecastle, they threw a rope over his head and gave him some cuffs and kicks. he bellowed like a fine fellow, cried murder. We all ran to his assistance but no one was near him I wish they had hammered him well. he didnot get half enough Our Steward has improved very much since his fright.

Land, land, land. It is a sight pleasant to our eyes and puts us all in good humour We have just passed a vessel but did not speak to her. I never thought that I should go to South America The land we see is the coast of Brazil. In sight of Cape ——— and going at a fine rate The coast appears to be very rocky a bad coast in a storm or a dark night.

NOV. 21. Inside the cape. How beautiful every thing looks. The tops of the mountains covered with green. I was on guard last night and feel badly this morning. Had some trouble with James. He was suspected of breaking open a trunk. He was searched but nothing found on him, or in his trunk. He did not seem to feel the disgrace. I cannot get it out of my mind that he is not honest. Several sails in sight this morning We think we are ahead of the rest of the fleet, so last night sent up a rocket and gave three cheers for the Susan Drew

[We arrived in the port of Rio Janario Nov the 25th]

NOV. 25. The Loo Choo got to Rio Janeiro four days before the other vessels.

"Why melancholy Soldiers why, why melancholy boys whose business tis to die."

We are in the port of Rio Janeiro and all in good spirits, and anxious to go ashore. I have been ashore and was very much pleased with my visit. I have a very poor opinion of the inhabitants of this place. I had some trouble with the men, they are so anxious to go on shore, and have been behaving very badly. some of them were drunk all the time. I had to tie some of them to bring them off. they have imprisoned some of them, and will not give them up. they do not like our landing our men here. We could soon knock three forts to pieces. I have been to the English church here. The people are not more than half civilized. Their is not much beauty among the ladies. I do not think that I will lose my heart with any of them.

NOV. 28. The harbor of this place is very beautiful But the cruelty that is practiced towards the slaves is enough to disgust any man that has any good feeling. they make them work hard and beat them very severely. some of them have not been from the coast of Africa more than a month. the day that the California volunteers came to this place was a happy day to some of them. our drunken soldiers gave to them very liberal. some of them threw money to them by handfuls and then again they make them row them to the vessel, and when they get on board laugh at them for pay. The poor black when they go back are beaten by their master for not bringing the right money. Their language is very difficult to understand. they always keep up a great chattering, wear few clothes and seldom a hat. They are good boatman. One of the volunteers jumped over board and was drowned while at this place. Some of the men stole a very valuable dog from the Hotel farrow [Pharoux]. we didnot find it out for sometime after we sailed. They played a great many pranks on the Brazilians, who in turn cheated them out of their money. We were thought the most impudent race of people that ever was. I have seen the Emperor. he dresses in the most extravagant manner and is very young and very rich. his carriage is drawn by eight mules. his guards are very poor, but wear the most costly uniform I ever saw it is all lace, and does not look very military. I had to search my servant and examine his trunk. he was suspected

of stealing money he proved to be innocent, and cried very much during the examination. he has not many friends in the regiment.

I have not written in my journal for sometime I have had so much to amuse me while at Rio. since I left their, so much has taken place. The men have been very unruly. it has fallen to my lot to be on guard very often lately.

While I was at Rio Dr Murray and myself went to church We wore our uniforms. I also went to the Opera, was very much pleased there was a great many officers there. I amused my self by making love to a young lady, who was in a side box. I caught her eye several times and we kept up a little flirtation all the evening. I got an Opera glass and looked at her standing in my seat. she smiled and moved her seat. but took it again. she wore a white bonnet with artificial flowers in it. I had several very amusing adventures while at this place. I was passing along the street one day when a Sargent Major of the regiment spoke to me. I had not seen him since I left New York. I asked him to shew me where I could purchase some thing. He took me to an apothecaries and introduced me to a young man from New York who was very polite and asked me to walk up stairs. I thought he was going to shew me something and accordingly followed him up a flight of steps. he opened a door and we walked in to a nice parlour. three ladys were sitting there they were Americans from New York, and were old friends of the Sargent but didnot recognize him in his uniform. they seemed much surprised to see two Soldiers walk in. I was in full dress and could not imagine for some time where I had got to. We paid a short visit and then left. I walked about made some purchases, among which was a beautiful bridle bit and spurs. The last evening that I was at Rio, it blew a violent storm. we had a very narrow escape. we got to the town a few minutes before the storm came up, several boats were lost and some lives. I was at the Hotel and didnot leave for the ship untill after it was over. I lived on fruit while at this place. the Oranges, Bennanas and Pine Apples were very fine. A great many black soldiers are employed in the army. Mules are used entirely to ride on. There are no good horses. The streets are very narrow and dirty. The people are not more than half civilized are very lazy and have a great many servants to wait on them. The Brazilians never give you

the right change for your money, and cheat you on every possible occasion

VIEW OF SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN AND VICINITY*

The above view is one, which sterile and unprepossessing in itself, still fills the weary heart of one just coming in from a long voyage with joy; barren and unpromising as it is, it is nevertheless, land, and that one word conveys more to the mind of a victim to sea sickness than many others of more euphonious sound, even the names of a beloved Laura or Gertrude, sweet as they are in the abstract, and even sweeter when associated with delightful reminiscencies of Summer eve hours, passed delightfully by their sides, are in danger of being outrivalled; no one knows better than myself the thrill of delight with which the lovers heart is seized upon hearing the name of his "adored," but even I, romantic as I am, must confess that upon first catching sight of the towering "Sugarloaf"—the remembrance of my beautiful Gertrude faded at once from my mind and its place was at once violently supplanted by delightful visions of Spanish lasses, with their dark eyes, sparkling from beneath the long veil, as tripping along the splendid "Plazas" of Rio, they caught sight of one, whose very appearance betokened the chivalry of the renowned Don Quixote; and then my "chateaux d'Espagne" would assume a different shape, and before me would lie in wasteful profusion, heaps of Lemons, figs bananas & oranges whose rounded forms and juicy substance brought again to my mind, the long cherished thoughts of "our cellar" and its contents—

VIEW OF FORT NEAR RIO

The above represents a fort which lay on our right as we entered the harbour of Rio. It is chiefly remarkable as being near and protecting a convent, in which "the fair Imogene" retired after having been torn from her bridal hall, by the ruthless hands of Alphonso "the brave"—or rather by those of his departed shade Shocked by the sudden and unwelcome return of her first beloved, she never entirely recovered & spent the remainder of a short life in this wild & secluded spot, surrounded by high and rugged mountains, whose bases were laved by the ever flowing waves of the wide Atlantic—

VIEW OF LARGE HOUSE NEAR RIO FROM THE HARBOR

On the side of the harbour, opposite to Rio is to be seen a large house, almost surrounded by cocoa nut and banana trees, which although of itself romantic in appearance, would scarcely attract the attention of a stranger. But alas! could its old walls speak of the sorrow they have seen, of the repentant tears shed within them, even the cold heart of the world could not but warm with sympathy, for the affliction of the beautiful but erring Eliza. G. . . whose only fault

*The pencil and watercolor drawings in the diary have not been reproduced except the one of an officer in uniform which appears as a frontispiece.

is the having yielded to the baneful influence of a tropical sun, and the charms of a gay and unprincipalled Admiral—

VIEW OF LOWER PART OF THE CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO AND VIEW OF PORTION OF RIO

That part of Rio, of which the above is a poor representation, lies on the right of the emperor's palace, and just in rear of the landing for boats from the vessels lying in the harbour. Its appearance is really picturesque, the tiled roofs, many of which are of variegated colours, the situations of the houses, some just at the foot of a steep hill, buried in groves of orange trees, others on the very summit of said acclivity, round which is constructed a winding road, up which by the way I remember having climbed one Sunday afternoon, just for the purpose of seeing what the object was of a red, round topped house, which proved upon examination an observatory, with a moveable roof, such as is seen at the M. A. at West Point although of much smaller dimensions—There were quite a number of houses around it, all nearly hidden by the masses of trees, among which the leafy orange was easily distinguished, had not the clusters of golden fruit called our untropical eyes at once to their notice.

SKETCH OF BRAZILIAN MAN OF WAR

Here too is a small barrack for the cavalry of the Emperor, into which I endeavoured to procure a passage, but the sentinel on post by signs, gave me to understand that such was not allowable—Going thence, I passed a large house with grated windows, before the door of which paced a soldier, and stopping to enquire our way from him, we saw two beautiful faces peer from an upper window down on us, and upon our bowing, they with sparkling eyes, kissed their hands and hastily retired but not until the sentinel had seen them, he then made violent gesticulations towards us, intimating that we had best "quit those diggins and not meddle with private potatoes"—

SKETCH OF ISLAND NEAR RIO

but my companion and myself, being both young and devoted to the fair sex, came to the conclusion that there was something wrong about the matter, and that so long as a petticoat (red though it was) was involved in the question we like good knights & true were bound by our oath of allegiance to enquire into the facts of the case,

VIEW OF BRAZILIAN FELUCCA

and for the purpose of discussing its "pros and cons" at more leisure took seats upon a battlement near us, from which the sentinel signalled us to rise, and upon consultation we deemed it best to obey, and were just in the act of doing so when by chance I saw the rascal laugh as he turned from us; understanding then that he was quizzing us, we gave him a slight volley of round—not shot—but oaths, and resumed our positions, from which the enemy threatened to dislodge us at the point of the bayonet, but to no purpose, we laughed at his threats and he finally ceased them, our consultations were then resumed

and just as the council had almost determined to carry the house by storm the one attacking the front door by strategy first and then with a rush, the other meanwhile seizing the opportunity of springing into a basement window which was open—this Quixotic resolution was crushed by the sudden shifting of the scene, in the first, the two had appeared beautiful and loving as encaged turtle doves, in the last, with a versatility of talent not at all unfrequent with the fair sex, they rushed on the stage, not hand in hand, but mouth to ear and nail to eye, presenting as pretty a representation of termagantic strife as one, could wish to see; After gazing a while in astonishment struck-silence, during which time the noise had attracted the notice of the guard, we left the prison (for so it was) each pondering in his mind the probable cause of the confinement of the belligerent fair ones—

THIRTEEN SKETCHES OF SCENES ABOUT RIO DE JANEIRO

DEC. 12, lattitude 37. . . 14

DEC. 14. Nothing has occurred on board untill last night when a case of small pox was reported in the fore castle. It has caused much talk on board—I hope for the best and that it will not go any further The men say they are sorry they threw the the plank intended for the guard house overboard as they will have nothing now to make coffins of—The sea is calm with a pleasant breeze—we are all making preperations for the cold we shall experience in going round the horn—

On guard tonight, very cold and dark on deck our quarters are warm rather too much so they make them very unwholesome too by smoking in them—Had a fight between MacBurney —and the Steward—he is a great coward and lets the steward strike him—he is a bad boy and I am afraid and is devoid of principle We have detailed some men from the volunteers to help work the Ship as we are approaching the horn very fast— Had a pig for dinner today It was very nice and hope we will have another soon—

DEC. 17. Latitude 44 deg. 46 min Weather very cold and stormy, all have colds—spend half of our time in bed—but 4 officiers well enough for duty this makes the duty of keeping guard come oftener and these cold nights not so pleasant— Nothing has occurred besides of any consequence we are very tired however of the blue waters Sun was not down at 8 oclock last night—Some of the officiers have had severe falls and been much hurt—It is owing to the decks being so wet—I have escaped as yet—

DEC. 18. Had a masquerade among the men—it was very amusing and excited much laughter—

DEC. 19. Fine breeze fair weather and warm strong current running north carrying sea weed with it Times very dull —officers and men amusing themselves by firing at the albatros have killed several

DEC. 25. Christmas—off the Cape We had a masked party on board who made a handsome turn out—The Col was invited to see them which he did and in return asked them into the cabin and set out his wine of which they partook freely— The leader of the party proposed a toast which I will give another time—This is the only real fun we have had and we treated the company of masqueraders to buckets of punch— which pleased them very much and some got gloriously drunk —The officiers kept the frolick up untill very late—who said they were not all sober—We had had a poor dinner but plenty of hot punch—The weather is very cold and has been so for the last ten days with a sea running mountains high and rain, making us all keep our beds we have done nothing else but eat and sleep for some time—in fact cannot keep ourselves warm unless we go to bed—Saw a sail spoke her. She was an English vessel from New South Wales to England.

DEC. [27.] Sunday morning and raining—we are a little west of the Cape—twenty four hours and good wind will take us into the calm waters of the Pacific. Going at a fine rate, course North West—reported this morning that the man at the wheel saw a dead body float by at three oclock—Nothing going on in our cabin but smoking, chewing, spitting and playing cards—

JAN. 5, 1847. Lat. 56.14 Long 79.47—head wind Great disatisfaction at the Captains going so far to the South West— for ten days we did not make a single degree of latitude—

JAN. 7. Lat 56.32 Long 80 Another death has occurred on board poor Palmer is gone—we shall bury him tomorrow in the ocean—

JAN. 8. The toast drank on Christmas day by one of the soldiers in the Cabin of the Susan Drew was this—

The Susan Drew—Our Bonnycastle may her declining years be passed on the bosom of a river beautiful as the Shannon with water of the strength and sweetness of pure Hollingsworth may one continual Day beam over it and the wings of Marcy overshadow it—and if ever sadness shall settle upon her—may it be like the melancholy of Burton—sweet pleasing and soul consoling—

The individuals alluded to in the above toast are Lieut Bonnycastle—Captn Shannon, myself Captn Marcy and Lieut Day—and the last Col Burton

Buried Palmer—fine day, cold but bright sun shine—going finely on our course—wore my undress coat—with my sash—no side arms at funeral—

Caught a large porpoise with the Harpoon men cut him up and had him cooked for breakfast—It tasted like beef steak —when cooked it is blacked—I did not like it but others did— The mates have had very little to say to me of late. I think they have heard some remarks we have made about the sailing of the vessel—Had to throw some of our tongues over board they were so spoilt—a dead loss to our Mess—

JAN. 10. Sunday Morning—Another Sabbath has come round and we are still on the blue waters—the first news of this morning is that five sail were in sight—it is joyful news to us— one bore down to us—we spoke her and she proved to be an American whaler—We sent her some papers—they were much surprized to hear of Genl Taylors victory and were a greazy set of fellows having been very successful in catching whales— went on deck and was waving my cap at an albatross and the cover flew off in the water—very sorry for it as I had it made in Washington and had it so long

JAN. 12, Lat 45..58 long 77..37

JAN. 13. Caught a porpoise, had it for dinner but did not like it. the harpoon was thrown into another but did not hold —he lashed the sea with his tail spouting blood from his mouth colouring the water for some distance around untill we lost sight of him—Resumed the guard duty last night for the first time since we passed the Horn—had to sit up all night in consequence of a row below, put four of the men in irons and tied them to the railing where they passed the night—

[Arrived at Valparazo the 20th of Janry 1847 and heard the first news of our victories in Mexico]

TWO VIEWS OF VALPARAISO

Twas just as the sun was disappearing behind the snow-capped summits of the lofty Andes, that the much respected Surgeon, unofficially attached to the Susan's Detachment, his fellow-statesman and myself, descended the side of our ship, for the purpose of taking a ride over the hills near the town of Valparaiso—after a short row,

we landed at the wharf and as the dusk of evening was rapidly advancing, proceeded at once to the "Tivoli" stables for the purpose of procuring horses. after some little time spent in selection, we mounted our steeds and proceeded, with the fear of "Vigilantes" strongly impressed on our minds, at a slow pace through the nearest streets to clear ourselves of the town, in doing which however sufficient time elapsed to have the attention of the passers-by, drawn to the bean pole figure of our Maryland sub [Hollingsworth], and the air of timidity, half screened from detection by his martial whiskers, of our goateed staff—the first of the two busily engaging himself with kicking the stones from before his charger's feet, the latter, and to the shame of the medical staff of the Army do I acknowledge it, fully as much occupied in testing the tenacity of hold, afforded in the close-cropped mane of his Rozinante, (this is no idle figure, for if eyes are eyes then so surely was the beast the hapless Galen bestrode, the veritable far-famed Rozinante) but what purpose does it answer for me to attempt describe the appearance of the equestrians? words have not power to convey to the imagination the "air forlorn" of Maryland's Quixote, as at each jolt of the little animal he bestrode, he found himself hoisted full six inches from the saddle—and the attempted air of recklessness of the Lancet-hero, who by strange fortune much resembled Sancho bestradling his master's charger—which snorted and puffed as though eager for another onslaught amongst the timorous sheep. But after a time we cleared the town, having been hailed by only one vigilante, who ordered us to proceed more slowly, as we were just breaking into a hand-gallop. It is needless to say that we obeyed but upon reaching by a steep and circuitous way the top of the hill surmounted by the lighthouse a plain being presented, our horses were urged into something like speed, and after a short time we rested ourselves and panting Bucephuli close by the Lighthouse—then back again Quixote and I raced like mad, but the superior swiftness of my steed gained me the victory "without a blow being struck," while on the contrary the Don came up with both heels hammering into the sides of his poor beast, which despite the advantage of having had its rider run half the distance himself, was forced into the humble post of No. 2; but lo! Surely we are not again in the vicinity of the Hudson with its high-pressure steamers! Ah! no—but look—was there ever aught so ludicrous before, tis the mender of broken limbs recklessly jeopardizing his own—with feet thrust to the instep, in the stirrup, arms flying in every direction he madly urges by dint of kicks & blows with the extremity of his bridle, his soaring Rozinante to his greatest speed, which alas was only sufficient to bring him up some hundred paces in rear—with this however the rider seemed amply satisfied, showing by an ample display of ivory, that in his opinion e'en though the race had this time been to the swift, still inasmuch as he had ventured his neck in bringing his broken-winded steed to his maximum speed more praise, he felt, was due him than to the fortunate possessor of the nimbler horse—

1st Lt and Adjt.

The foregoing libellous article calls for a reply to those who know the high reputation of Marylanders both in the Army and elsewhere for horsemanship, it would not be necessary to say anything to vindicate the honor of our State on that score, but as this production may be spread far and wide, and be seen by individuals who have not heard of the Ridgely's, Hammonds, and other crack riders in the Army from Old beauty State—I shall here tell them, that this article was prompted by jealousy, and pique on the part of the writer Lt. B. our fussy little Adjutant, having been brought up in a little country village, and after that having undergone a course of lessons in riding at West Point, favoured himself the handsomest, rider in the universe and as to any one on board ship coming up to him, he hooted at the idea. He had taken a ride soon after arriving at Valparaiso, and had talked a great deal about his feats on that occasion, although we afterwards learned from Capt "F" that he had been beaten on two occasions in a race by a little boy of 6 years old, and afterwards fined in the streets for awkward horsemanship. On the afternoon he speaks of after choosing our horses at a stable which he had before patronised and of course knew the best animals and made his selection accordingly—we set off on a trip over the hills, alas how his bombastic boasting was disproved, either from his rotundity, the shortness of his legs, or from fear I cannot tell, but he certainly made the worst figure on a horse I ever saw, after in vain endeavouring to balance himself & grasping convulsively at the cut off mane of the horse, and finding that his main chance of holding on was cut off, he seized the back part of the saddle and went up the street amidst the shouts & jeers of the Chilian boys & women & their loud cries of "oh que hombrecillo" his horse was a little more skittish than mine and after seeing him suffer for some time and pleasing myself by his chagrin I exchanged horses with him and he was more comfortable. I shall not say anything of my own riding save that I certainly did not take hold of the mane for indeed had I wished to have done so, its being cut off would have prevented me as it did the Adjutant. Of my friend and fellow statesman Lt H. I am at liberty to speak and I must say that my breast was filled with admiration and swelled with pride when I saw the easy grace and lofty dignity which he displayed on horseback—his commanding height added much to the effect, and as he passed up the street I could see that my feelings of admiration were participated in by the gazing crowd. His relation Lt Ridgly has heretofore been considered the best rider in the service the only competition he has is Charly May, and his superior size has given him the reputation of being the finest looking man on horseback his riding does not however compare with Ridgely's. My friend H however uniting Mays height with Ridgelys riding, will I have no doubt if his regiment is retained in service (and it will I trust,) eclipse them both and be thought the rider of the Army.

SKETCH OF THE HOTEL PHAROUX

This Sketch is a good representation of the Hotel Pharoux at Rio Jeneiro Brazils—at which Quarters we passed some very agreeable moments during our sojourn at that place.

JAN. 23. Left valparaiso after five long days stay—we got there in fine health and spirits—but the news we heard there of the death of Lieut Fremils on the passage round cape Horn, who belonged to our Regt and the loss of so many of our gallant soldiers in Mexico somewhat depressed them—I will however write more particularly on the subject on another leaf.

I will now mention some of the occurences which took place while in harbour—One great difficulty was to keep the men on board the vessel from going ashore and while on duty myself by great exertions did not loose a man, for which the Lieut Coln. publickly thanked and complimented me but others were not so successful. The men were very much enraged at not being permitted to go ashore and as all the rascals escaped at last—we permitted the rest to go also but they all came back drunk—We had great trouble with the men while in port fifty drunk at a time—I was officier of the guard three times while there—A number of Americans reside at Valparaiso with some beautiful american girls—The fruit is good but not as nice as that at home—The harbour is filled with fish of which we caught large quantities and salted them away—It looks like a suitable place for earthquakes and the bare mountains around the Town—appear always ready to belch forth fire and smoke We could see the Andes in the distance with their tops covered with snow—One great objection to foreign ports with Americans is that the inhabitants look upon the Yankees as they term us as the last people upon earth. Went on shore and walked about but if we had remained untill Sunday and gone to Church should have had a better opportunity to see the people—they have more fleas and dogs there than I have as yet seen in any place I saw there the English Marines for the first time—they were polite and touched their hats to us—The french had their transports here loaded with troops for some of their posessions in the Pacific—so that I have seen some things here I never saw before—

I must now try to note down some of the occurrences here. We were much surprised one morning by John the Col's servant escorting quite a fine looking woman into the cabin, informing us at the same time that he wished we would let her remain on

board, for she said she wanted to go to California and he would marry her when we got there. She looked rather old, seemed to have plenty of confidence took her seat at the table and entered into conversation. She seemed anxious to go to California but did not say anything about marrying John. She was finely dressed, a white bonnet and veil. I thought she was rather tiresome and after offering her a plate of pears, that were on the table, I left for my bunk, leaving Capt Marcy and Frisby to entertain her. I had hardly got off my hat and boots and laid down, when I was interrupted in my repose by a visit from the fair one herself. It seemed that after I left the cabin, the lady boasted of having a husband on shore and several tall sons. Capt F told her He had a son on board who was thought to be tall for his age. Said he was then asleep but if she would step in the cabin, he would shew her his fine child, and wishing to have a laugh at me, he brought her to the side of my bed, where I was stretched at full length on the top of the cover, and drawing the curtain one side told her to look. I opened my eyes wide at her. She started back left the cabin, got in her boat and went ashore, much to John's mortification and wondering in her own mind if the gallant Captain was sane.

JAN. 24. We are once more breasting the waves of the briny deep and in fifty days if nothing happen, we will be in California where some of us must leave the number of our mess —I am on guard again to night and half the men drunk—I can do nothing with them—It is first three cheers for Lieut H— and then three cheers for some one else—Had some dreadful fights among them—liquor is the sole cause and the greatest curse that ever was to man—It is getting worse and worse every day and an evil I never encountered before joining this regiment—I am truly glad I have no relations in it for I could not have borne to see them under such degrading circumstances every day of my life—

JAN. 30. Had quite an argument to day about the chickens we bought at Valparaiso they are dieing: I say for want of water but every one else says that Chickens do not want any water It is strange that I who have had some experience of a Country life, that my opinion should not be taken in such matters. I have fattened very much since I have been at sea all except my face and that looks thinner than ever They often tell me I look the picture of dispair I cannot tell why I look so, without [unless] it is because I am

tired of a sealife. Bonnycastle told me the other day that he had not seen me laugh since I had been at sea. I do not believe him.

FEB. 3. Went to the pig pen to inspect the pigs we bought at Valparaiso—they look very badly having fallen away in flesh and seemed sea sick—I should have called them small Shoats—there was not one fit to eat—we paid four dollars for them—I also inspected the chicken coop and found them thin in flesh and also in numbers—(We had a lemonade drinking in our cabin today)—Had in addition a great romp among the Lieutenants in their cabin made a great deal of noise—the Lieut Col spoke to us about it—Dr M— explained the whole matter in our defence in a very amusing manner—

I must now announce the melancholy inteligence, of the disappearance of all our chickens. they have all been destroyed by the ravenous appetites of the officers of the 7. Reg.

FEB. 17. Every hour brings us nearer to our destination—I have been a witness on a court martial today—done nothing else but drill the company—the men have made great complaints today that the bed bugs were eating them up—Had apple pie for dinner—Had also a private talk with Col Burton—he offered to get me exchanged into another company if I wished it—he seemed to think it would be better for me but I thought I had better stick to the company I was in—Was present at a meeting on the poop deck this morning at 6 oclock between Captain F— and N— I was sorry no one else was there but myself—high words were used towards one another but they parted before blood was shed—I was not aware there would be a meeting and was setting there—having got up for revielle that morning—when the parties made their appearance—

FEB. 18. There have been a number of quarrels among the officiers inconsequence of the ill feeling existing among them —as for myself I have got along very well and had no difficulty with any one—with one exception too trifling to mention—The weather has been so hot that we could not stay on deck except when we had the awning spread—The tar or pitch boiled out of the seams of the deck inconsequence of the extreme heat and made every thing very disagreeable. Had a talk with the old sailor Fred—to night while on guard—it was his watch on deck—He told me—he had been to sea for sixteen years and in

that time had never heard from his parents, though he had written many letters to them—they lived in Germany—He said he was tired of sea life and this would be his last voyage—Said he never made any money at it and all he now had was a fine suit of clothes which he would put on when he got back to New York—He has seen many hardships and ups and downs in this life but like all sailors is becoming weaned from friends and Country and in all probability will never see home again—

FEB. 20. Lat 4..53 long 106..38 Have got along but slowly to day, nothing has occurred of interest, with the exception of a shark which followed the vessel for some hours—we tried hard to hook him but after biteing once, he would not come near it again—The sea around the vessel was at the same time filled with porpoises some thousands were sporting around and leaping out of the water—they are so plentiful that they are no longer a curiosity It has been raining very hard all night—the first rain that has fallen since we left Valparaiso—

FEB. 23. Lat 7..36 long 107..36 We celebrated the 22d by all of us loading our pistols going on deck and firing three rounds, the Col giving the word—On Sunday the 21st inst caught two sharks and hawled them on board—great excitement during the performance—cut them up and had part for dinner, did not like it—We caught the trade winds on the 22d and have had them ever since—nothing of any consequence has occurred for some days Have had beautiful moonlight nights and some singing on deck—I have forgotten to mention in the past pages the Magellan clouds that no traveller ever sees in a Northern Latitude—they are small white clouds, seen in the night only—

The 12th of March was a great day in my life—the Col ordered five rounds of blank cartridges to be given out—It fell to my good fortune to be in command of Comp. I and they burnt their first powder by my order—It has always been my ambition to carry them through their first fireings and the command when we land and march into camp—the first I have been gratified in—a few days will decide the others—

MAR. 16. The weather has become very cold. We have to wear our great coats all day. we are in Lat 35.56N. Long 129.18W

CALIFORNIA

MARCH 22, 1847. Arrived in California, anchored in the

Bay of San Francisco, after a long passage of sixty five days from Valparaiso. Saw large quantities of Ducks and birds of all kinds. The Perkins got here two weeks before us not having stopped from the time she left Rio—On guard the day we arrived in port. Heard a great deal of news but none from home.

MAR. 31. Bay of San F[rancisco]. Have not opened my Journal since I got here. Much of interest has occurred. Nov 9th was the last time we heard from the States, I am very anxious to hear from home Many have got letters but none for me We are now ordered to Monterey, I am all ready and not sorry to leave. It has been very cold ever since we came, and rained every other day.

APR. 1. Col Stevenson came on board this morning. He appeared to be in a great flurry as usual. Col Burton left us yesterday for Santa Barbara, much to the regret of all. The Moscow left here March 31st with Col Burtons command, and had hardly got under weigh, when she ran aground, but would not lower her flag for assistance for some time and tried hard to get off—She however failed and on lowering her flag to half mast—assistance was sent from the Independence Comodore Shubrick. there was quite an excitement for some time* The Cyane frigate also sent her boats Captain Marcy of the Independence went on board of the Moscow took Command and after awhile succeeded in getting her out of her difficulty and she proceeded on her voyage—I had the honour of receiving Comd Shubrick on board this morning—He was accompanied by his officiers in full dress—they all looked splendid and took me by surprise I was therefore not prepared for them and had not time to turn out the guard to receive them, and had to receive them in person—Lieut Lewis was among them—the finest looking man I ever have seen—they did not stay long—I was much mortified at their reception—However it was not my fault, as the men were not in sufficient trim to receive them—

APR. 2. I have not made one acquaintance since I have arrived here—There is a young lady on shore that I was offered an introduction to but declined it—Some of the officers have called on her and been much pleased—A number of our men

*Further account of this episode is given by James Lynch in his brochure "With Stevenson to California," 1896.

have been very much poisoned by touching some plant or bush on shore—(Out of funds and cant get any pay from Uncle Sam) Many of our officiers as well as my self have regretted our coming out here while while the war has been carried on in the enemy's Country and we so far from the scene of strife—On hearing of Genl. Scotts advance upon the City of Mexico—we wished we had been in the States to have joined him—We have done nothing and long for an opportunity of distinguishing or extinguishing ourselves—

An accident happened last night—the first of the kind that has occurred since we left New York—though of frequent occurrence on board of the other transports—We were all at supper when an unusual noise on deck and that dreadful cry which is so alarming at sea, of man overboard—saluted our ears—we all ran on deck and found that one of the sailors in hoisting the boat on deck had fallen into the water inconsequence of the ropes breaking—He could not swim and it was with difficulty he kept his head above water—a rope however was thrown him and after awhile he was landed safe on deck—There is one thing I have learnt since I came to sea that I never knew before—that but few sailors know how to swim perhaps not more than one out of every five—on board of this vessel there is not one that can.

I have been on Shore and took a long walk and am quite tired—I walked about three miles in the direction of the Mission met some Californians on horse back & some Indians on foot—Lieut Hulet was along but the sand was so deep that I returned—he however kept on out to the Mission—I walked slowly back and was overtaken by an Indian driving some Cattle—he told me it was very dangerous to be walking about so far in the Country without arms and that he had seen a panther that morning near where we were—I had nothing but my pocket pistols but got safe home I must now pack for Monterey. I am sorry to leave the Susan Drew. I have been so long in her and seen a good deal. Great prepperations made for leaving in the Lexington. I have got so used to the hard bread and biscuit that I prefer it to any other and the water that I made so much fuss about at the first part of my voyage I now drink off without thinking about it. And often go on shore and walk by a fine spring without tasteing it and then come on board and drink a tumbler full that was brought all

the way from New York I think my former relish for fresh water would return where I to taste it.

[Arrived at Monterey April 7th after a sail of 24 hrs and went into camp in the outskirts of the town called it camp Kearney]

APR. 7. Camp Kearney—Monterey Wednesday I have arrived at Monterey after a sail of twenty hours and once more experienced sea sickness in its worst form—We were landed on the wharf by the boats of the Columbus and other American armed vessels and after marching through the town encamped at this place—a beautiful spot of Ground in front of the Church —We arrived late on the ground and great confusion occurred inconsequence of not being able to get all the tents up—Had a visit from Lieut Tansill of the Marines—he is a fine fellow—

APR. 14. Have neglected my Journal but I have seen so much, and so many things have happened. But the most agreeable thing is the news of our being paid off to-morrow. General Kearney gave the order General Valejo has left for San Francisco with a guard of our men. It is very warm in the day but very cold at night and damp too. plenty of fleas and dogs —if a dog dies in the street—he is never moved no matter how great the stench he causes—

APR. 15. I went to a fandago last night and enjoyed myself very much looking on as I did not dance—I have not been introduced to a single lady since I got here—This dance was nothing in comparison to the great Navy ball—I was detailed today to go up to Tompkin's Camp with a working party—It is very disagreable duty and it was with difficulty I got off of it but will have to go tomorrow—

APR. 17. Went out to Carmell Valley on a gunning expedition with Bonnycastle—saw a number of quails, got only six out of the large number of them—We rode some twenty mile up the valley—It is a beautiful country for grazeing, some romantick scenery—Hills covered with wild oats, headed already and all kinds of wild flowers—We visited Captn Tompkins' camp It had a guard of only about fifteen men to take care of about a hundred horses the finest I have seen in the Country—

APR. 18. I am ordered on a court martial by Genl Kearney and inconsequence am excused from duty—We have made

arrangements for having a fandago weekly—I saw Genl Castro's little son at the last ball—he was asked if he would not like to be in the army and fight the Mexicans—he spoke out very boldly and said no but I would like to fight the Americans and drive them from the country—He is only twelve years of age and the enemies of his country were around him but he spoke fearlessly—His father is now trying to raise troops to march against us—I have not heard from home yet nor seen a paper from the United States—

APR. 19. Dreamed of home last night for the first time and that Ned was dead. Once before I dreamed of home, and that they all received me very coldly. I dont think that can ever happen.

APR. 20. Pulled down our tents and went in barracks. I am going to live in a tent with the Adjt. He has asked me to do so. I will not mess with the company Officers.

[April 23rd broke up our encampment and moved into barracks received my first letters from home on this day]

APR. 23. Got letters from Home. It was joyful news to hear there were letters.

[May 2nd Capt Tompkins of the artilleray left for the United States]

MAY 2. Capt Tomkins left for home. Sent a letter by him. Been much engaged trying to be transferred to the G company succeeded at last. Went to Mrs. Dr Towson's[1] last night and met with a very strange adventure with a young lady—She was a Miss Soperanos and married to a Spaniard who had treated her cruelly and then deserted her—She thought I was like her husband and indeed all the family thought so—I therefore generally went by the name of her husband and when ever she saw me, she appeared unable to controul her feelings She and all called me She would not stay in the room when I went there

[May the 8th left on board the U. S. Store ship Lexington with Genl Kearney & Staff for San Pedro.]

MAY 8. On board the Lexington transport with General

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[1]—Dr. John Towson lived in Monterey, where for a while he practiced medicine. Mrs. Towson was a sister of Moses Schallenberger.

Kearney and staff on our way down to San Pedro and from thence after landing we shall march to Puebla Los Angeles the principal town in upper California—So far the voyage has been very pleasant the only thing I am uneasy about is seventy dollars in gold I have in my pocket and am afraid of losing it—I have met Genl K frequently both on land and since we have been at sea—seen him often but never spoke to him untill last evening—In fact I was rather shy of him and I think he noticed it—I was on deck when the band was playing—He also was there and walked up to me and the following conversation took place—Genl—Which is the leader of the band Sir—The small man on the right Genl What is his name Sir—Jose Vevis Genl What part of the world do you hail from Sir Baltimore, general—Baltimore Ah! indeed, you are quite young yet and have the world before you Sir and will never regret your coming out here—

May 10. Arrived at San Pedro, Landed pitched our tents and made a wharf. Did not know till we were done that it was Sunday. Will march to Los Angelos to morrow, distant twenty five miles. San Pedro situated on the coast consists of two houses, not a tree or blade of grass near it. It is all one vast plain, neither wood or water, all our water is brought from the vessel in canteens.

MAY 11. I have drawn all my pay up to the first of May and have about seventy five dollars in gold tied around my neck—

[May the 15th left for Ciudad de los Angelos & arrived that night took up our quarters in the Dragoon Barracks went in camp the next morning]

MAY 17. Been here a week. It is the garden spot of California The grounds are beautiful

MAY 18. Walked over to Don Luis, met a large party of ladies. Spent a pleasant time Had the band there, gave them some musick. Rode the Col's horse home. Saw a beautiful Spanish girl there, gave her a bouquet, & murdered Spanish at her at agreat rate.

MAY 19. Went to see Mrs Howard[2] last night, a pleasant

2—Mrs. Howard. This was undoubtedly the wife of W. D. M. Howard, daughter of William Warren, and adopted daughter of Capt. Grimes. It is not apparent what she was doing in Los Angeles at this time, as her husband, together with Henry Mellus, was running an establishment in San Francisco.

evening. Our band has been playing this morning. I think it is the best thing we brought with us. It is a great curiosity here. a great many come to hear it every evening.

MAY 23. Been visiting. Had some pleasant evenings. Saw Mrs General Flores at Don Luis.[3] She is a very interesting woman The most popular house is Mr Stearns He has married a young Spanish girl[4] but the principal attraction is Senorita Isidora Bandinni.[5] The lady I met at Don Luis. She is a great belle and a great flirt. Col Fremont has always been the favourite beau, but I have cut them all out, and when I walk in the rest stand back. I must now stop but perhaps Isidora you will again come on these pages.

MAY 24. Walked over to see Isidora last night. It was Sunday and I had nothing to do. I found her looking lovely as ever. I was told there would be a dance at 10 oclock and requested to be there. I was anxious to know if Isidora would dance on Sunday. I was one of the last who arrived. Ah Isidora you are but a heathen. She is dancing with one of Kearneys dark mustachoed dragoons She was dressed in a plain white muslin and had left off all those hateful Spanish ornaments, and wore nothing in her her hair but a beautiful rose I had presented her

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3—Don Luis. There is no indication as to who this may be, but probably it was Don Luis Vignes, a Frenchman and a winemaker, who was living in Los Angeles at this time, and a man of considerable prominence.

4—Arcadia Stearns. Wife of Abel Stearns and daughter of Juan Bandini. After Stearns' death in '71, she inherited most of his property, and married Robert S. Baker, and was long known in Los Angeles as Doña Arcadia Baker, a very rich woman.

5—Isidora Bandini. An account of Isidora Bandini, by Smyth is found in the "History of San Diego, 1907." She was the daughter of Juan Bandini, born in 1800, and Dolores Estudillo; was born September 23, 1829, and died May 23, 1897. The Bandini family lived in San Diego in what is now "Old Town." They were of Italian origin, and it is likely that Juan Bandini's mother was a Peruvian. There is a story attributed to Isidora Bandini's son, J. Couts, Jr., that his mother, while on a visit from San Diego to the Mission San Luis Rey in 1849, where his father was stationed in command of some United States troops, fell off of some part of a building, but was saved from severe accident by falling into the arms of Lieut. Couts, incidentally falling in love at the same time. At any rate, Isidora was married to Cave Johnson Couts, April 5, 1851. Couts was a Kentuckian, a nephew of the well-known Cave Johnson, a graduate of West Point and an officer in the U. S. regular army. Shortly after the marriage, Isidora's brother-in-law, Abel Stearns, presented her with a ranch called Guajome, afterwards famous in the annals of Southern California. The newly married couple moved there in 1853, though some authors say in 1852. There are two views of Guajome in Smyth's History, but no account of the ranch. Couts died in San Diego, April 10, 1874, leaving ten children.

with that evening. Every one was seeking her for a partner. She never looked so lovely It had long been wondered who was the favoured admirer. Some said the Marines, Some thought the Dragoons. Report said Capt Fremont was an accepted lover. Slander went so far as to say Commodore Stocton was more The last was false, and I knew more than those around. Yes Reader smile not at what I now tell you. Say not it was my vanity, but believe me when I assert that I had long known, that the 2d Lieut of the Volunteers was preferred to all.—I took my place behind the dancers in a retired part of the room, and felt as if I had done wrong in coming on Sunday to a dance. I watched Isidora for some time She did not seem to dance with her usual animation. She seemed looking for some one anxiously. Her eyes often wandered round the room and I began to feel jealous. At last I caught her eye and a bright glance it was. It told me I was the absent one, she looked for. A momen before, and I had felt neglected by all the world. I had been drooping in spirit for some time. But now I felt a confidence I had never known before. How I longed to lead her to the dance, but that could not be for I did not know how. She seemed hurt that I did not ask her, to dance and sent to ask me to waltze with her. It was in vain I assured her that I did not know how and at last came over and sat down by me. I told her I did not know how. She said she would teach me. I at last asked her to dance the next set with her. She promised to help me all she could. I led her out and like Harry Sanford presented my left hand first. I got through at last. She insisted I did very well, but I knew better. She now took her seat by my side instead of dancing. I got many dark looks and the dragoon took his hat and walked off Ah Isadora you were the cause of my first dance. I must now take leave of this fair one and go on duty as officer of guard

JUNE 7. Just returned from San Pedro and reported myself at headquarters. Been absent one week.

JUNE 8. Got the blues very bad indeed in consequence of Isidora having jilted me She appears to have forgotten me entirely during my short absence.

JUNE 10. Went to Mr Sale's[6] last evening Isidora was there, seemed to want to make up. Dont intend to let her.

[6]—Mr. Sales. This may be the Alexander Sales, said to have been the same as Cyrus Alexander.

JUNE 12. Gave the people here a splendid ball. Every thing passed of well, except a little difficulty, when the guests were departing between Capt Stevenson and Lieut B- It arose in consequence of my transferring my claim of waiting on Donna Isidora, to Lieut B. which Capt S refused to acknowledge. Interfered of course and took her home. I had intended to have cut her dead, but on a bet that I could not take her to the ball, I determined to shew them I could. I was much mortified that I could not waltze with her She is the most perfect coquette I ever saw. She was dressed in a rich pink and gold silk, with a shawl on worth $300! I never saw her look better. I was in full uniform and entered with her on my arm. She was the belle of the evening.

Went to take leave of Isidora She is going to the country. We parted good friends. She gave me a pink as a parting gift

JUNE 22. Moved into barracks, room large but damp. Took a bad cold.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY AT CIUDAD DE LOS ANGELES, UPPER CALIFORNIA BY THE AMERICAN TROOPS STATIONED AT THAT POST, IN THE YEAR 1847.

Written by a Gentleman named Toy [H. H. F. Toye] out of compliment to Mr. Hollingsworth.

This day so dear to the heart of every American was received with that pure and heart felt Joy which stimulates the soul of every lover of Freedom by the American Troops stationed at this Post being seen winding their way at day break to the heights from the summit of which is a Fort erected by the Soldiers, under the direction of Lt Davidson 1 Regt U. S. Dragoons (which commands this the largest City in California) for the purpose of commencing the ceremonies of the day. All the Troops were present when at Sun rise for the first time the American Flag was displayed and hoisted on a beautiful pole by 2 Lieut J. W. Davidson. As the Flag unfolded its beautiful stripes to the breeze it was hailed by nine deafening cheers by the surrounding Soldiery when the Band of the 7 Regt. N. [Y.] U. S. Volunteers struck up the well known Patriotic air of the Star Spangled Banner which was followed by a Federal Salute fired by the 1d U. S. Dragoons which closed the proceedings for the morning until 11 O.Clock.

At 11 O.Clock the Soldiers were again ordered under arms and marched to the Fortification (the Dragoons Commanded by Lts Smith & Stoneman, the N. Y. Legion by Capt Stevenson. . Compa "G" by Lt Hollingsworth, and Company "E" by Capt Taylor, and Lt Cutrell, and the Mormon Battalion by Capt Hunt) when it was named and dedicated by Col. Stevenson (who was present with his Staff consisting of Adjt Bonnycastle, Dr Griffin, and Lieut Davidson) by a short but appropriate address well suited for the occasion, in which he mentioned

the gallant conduct on the field of San Pas Qual of Capt. B Moore after whom he named the Fort. he spoke of him as a gentleman, an Officer and Soldier and stated the loss our Country had sustained by his death at that Battle where he fell with 17 lance wounds charging at the head of his Dragoons. The Colonel then ended his address and wine was served to the Troops, after which a National Salute was fired and the Soldiers were marched off the ground to the air of Hail Columbia, and so ended the public ceremonies of the day.

The evening was celebrated by a magnificent ball given by the Officers of the Garrison at Lieut Davidsons Quarters, at which assembled all the elite of the City; the room was decorated in a magnificent and tasteful style by Lts Hollingsworth and Stoneman, the ceiling was entirely covered with the Banner we had that morning hoisted on Fort Moore; at the head of the room was very appropriately placed a likeness of the Father of our Country beautifully decorated with lights and evergreens as under the blessing of God to his exertions the American nation is indebted for the much prized Independence and blessed Freedom it now enjoys. At the foot of the room were displayed the splendidly painted Colours of the New York Legion, in each corner was placed a stack of muskets the bayonets of which were used as Chandeliers which had a beautiful effect and around the walls were place Cutlasses and Sabres in the form of stars in the centre of which candles were burning. independently of these the room was dressed in a manner that did great credit to Lts Hollingsworth and Stoneman with evergreens. Among the many lovely female faces could be seen the Ladies of Generals Floris, Carillo, and Pico. At the head of the room was suspended a beautiful wreath made by Lt Hollingsworth to be presented to the Belle of the evening considerable difficulty was experienced by the Judges in awarding the prize as there were two candidates of such great and equal beauty that they scarcely felt able to decide to whom to give it, but eventually it was awarded to the Sister of General Floris' Wife, who may now be deemed as the Belle of the City of Angelos.

The Bouquet was made by Capt. King.

The Company danced until One O:Clock when they repaired to the Supper Room which was arranged with great profusion and elegance under the Porch which extends the entire length of the building which was screened at the front and ends from the night air. After partaking of the sumptuous refreshments laid before them, the Company again returned to the Ball room, where dancing was again entered upon with renewed vigour, and continued until the break of day, when the assembly retired to their respective homes.

On the same evening the 1 Dragoons celebrated the occasion at their quarters and if the ladies present were not so select, it did not prevent their enjoying themselves full as much as their Officers: both balls closed about the same time, and so ended the celebration of this the first Anniversary of American Independence that has been celebrated in this City—

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF SAN PAS QUALL

[December 6, 1846.]

I will now give my readers an account of the Battle of San pas quall as it was given to me by two of the officiers who were engaged in it—I think it will differ somewhat from General K's official report—at the same time I will confine myself to facts—Genl Kearney had been in the country but a few days when he was met by Captn Gelepsie [Gillespie] with a small force, not more than thirty men—Genl K' had about one hundred thus making one hundred and thirty in all—He was informed by Captn G of the state of the country and that a large force of Californians was in the field under the command of Genl Andrew Pico Genl Kearney was then advancing towards Santo Diego which place Gilepsie was just from. The morning after he was informed by his scouts that the enemy were not far from him and the night following news, was brought that a body of horsemen were encamped some six miles in front and they had a large number of led horses—Genl K then planned a surprize of the enemy's camp with the hope of seizing the horses to mount his men they having only the mules they had brought from the states and about twelve broken down horses—He sent Lieut Hammond with a few dragoons to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy's camp during the night—Lieut H made his reconnaisance but was discovered and made a hasty retreat—on his return—Genl K determined to march and attack them that night—Captn Moore led the advance—Lieut Davidson was in command of the battery of Howitzers held in reserve—Major Swords was in the rear with the baggage train—At six in the morning they were descending a hill when a small party of the enemy were seen near a ravine filled with undergrowth—the moment they got down the hill, they charged at full speed and were received by a fire of small arms from a concealed body of riflemen and on turning the bend of the ravine found themselves in the presence of three hundred of the enemy—Genl K says but Genl Pico says he had one hundred men only—In the charge that was made those who were best mounted outstripped the others and first engaged the enemy and were killed—Among whom were Capts Moore & Johnson and Lieut Hammond mortally wounded—Kearney's men then commenced firing but the carbines of the dragoons were wet from the rain of the night before—Dr Griffin[7] one of the Genl staff told me that he tried hard to give the general the slip wishing to be in the first charge but was discovered and ordered to the rear—and still determined to take part in the action was obliged to make a circuit to avoid be seen by the Genl and in doing this was chased by four of the enemy He endeavoured to shoot his double barrelled gun at them but it was wet and would not go off and he was compelled to throw it away and put spurs to his mule and take shelter among the dragoons Lieut Davidson in the mean time came up with his battery but could not get a position to use it—every time he attempted it found he would be firing into his own men and endangering their lives—He therefore

7—Dr. John S. Griffin, a surgeon in the U. S. Army. He also kept a journal in '46 and '47, part of which was published by J. J. Warner in Lewin's History of Los Angeles, 1876.

told the non commissioned officier to take the battery to the devil drew his sabre and dashed into the fight—He was attacked by two Californians one he killed with his pistol and parried the blow of the others lance with his sabre—the californian then ran—Lieut D- says that before the fight he begged Genl Kearney to let him go in advance with his battery but he refused and ordered him to the rear—But after the fight was over the Genl admitted the result would have been different had the battery been in the front the mules ran away with one gun during the action after Davidson left the battery—as Dr Griffin went into the fight he met Lieut Hammond—he said Dr I am wounded very severely I think mortally—the Dr told him to get down and he would examine his wound—it was mortal for he died that night —The returns of the battle shew thirty killed, wounded and missing— of the enemy none were found on the field though no doubt many were killed a number of horses of the enemy were found dead The enemy fell back as our forces advanced leaving Genl Kearney in possession of the field—I have given all the particulars of this fight having taken some pains to get at the truth and had these facts from those who were eye witnesses of the battle—

There was a great mistake made somewhere but who made it is the difficulty to determine as the officiers who were in it generally do not like to talk about it—The Californians claim a victory but as our troops kept the field and the Californians retreated the victory was ours although dearly bought—Genl Kearney took a position next day upon a high hill near at hand where he was obliged to remain and feed his men upon sore backed mules untill he was reinforced by a detachment of sailors sent from the Congress—

JULY 6. The glorious 4th is over! We had a splendid ball at night The room was crowded. Isidora was there Great attention paid her by all but me I did not even speak to her. I had taken a very active part in the ball and worked hard, but I felt mortified and disappointed that I could not dance!

JULY 9. Isidora gave a large party last night I sat in a corner of the room. She came and asked me to dance. I told her I did not want to, and left early mad with all the world because I did not know how to dance.

AUG. 4. Lieut Stoneman 1st Drags quarters were broken open and his trunk robbed of seven hundred dollars in — I had just left his quarters with him and on our return we were informed by Mrs Flores that two men had broken in the house—she saw them from her door which was next—We made great exertions last night to discover the thieves but as yet have not been successful—I am truly sorry for poor Stoneman —It is hard to lose money so far from home

AUG. 6. I relieved Captn Smith 1st Drag and went on as

officier of the day—I have a guard of about twenty—volunteers and ten dragoons on the heights with two pieces of artillery and ready for a fight at any time the Calafornians want it—

AUG. 10. On board of survey to examine horses belonging to the first dragoons and had to condemn some as being too light for the battery of artillery

AUG. 20. In command of the guard last night—Lieut Stoneman came to me and said he was informed that the money that had been stolen from him was buried some where in the guard house—We therefore made great search for it and found it at last under the head of the bed of private Smith 1st Dragoons who was lying on his bed—I dug it up with the point of my sabre—He denied knowing any thing about it but in half an hour afterwards tried to take his own life—He placed a pistol as near his heart as he could reach with his irons on his wrists and fired—the ball entered his side passing out at his back—he is not dead yet but refuses to confess where he has hid the rest of his money—

SEPT. 6. I went on a gunning expedition to day and was galloping along with the rest of the officiers when my horse tripped and fell with me roling on and bruising me very much, breaking also a very handsome gun I had with me—One duck was the contents of my game bag when I got back to barracks—where I found letters from home—I laid myself down on the bed and though suffering much from pain caused by my fall read my letters with much pleasure

SEPT. 9. I received letters a few days ago from home informing me, that Edward had enlisted in Walker's company on the 9 of February It was on the 17 April that I dreamed of his death I now fear very much that it is true.

SEPT. 12. I went last evening to take a ride with Capt Stevenson by invitation. I had hardly got over my previous fall, and was quite sore yet but feeling in a riding humour I determined to go. I went to his house and heard him order horses a small horse for me which I had my doubts about. I asked him if he fell down, he said no but I saw him smile as he said it. The horses were brought to the door. I mounted. the horse commenced plunging with me and lifting himself high in the air with one bound dashed off. he didnot get me off much to the disappointment of Capt S. The fair Isadora and

a number of ladies who were on the opposite porch and witnessed the affair. After two hours hard gallop we returned at the same head long speed on dismounting we saw the ladies over the the way and joined them I was complimented on my riding by the fair Isadora. I think that she would have liked to have seen me thrown

SEPT. 19. I am now on a military commission to try some men for stealing—It does not differ much from the form of a court martial —

SEPT. 21. News arrived here last night that a body of troops were advancing on this place and we are making preparations to receive them—We are all ordered to parade this evening at four oclock with plenty of ammunition and we will try the new battery this evening also. Scouts have been sent out to see if an enemy is approaching and the news correct—It is said that Genl. Castro & Flores are at their head—

SEPT. 22. We have been engaged for some days in the trial of private John Smith 1st Drags for robbing Lieut Stonemans quarters which I have before mentioned—He was brought into the court room this morning looking very much immaciated —a mere shadow of what he once was—he has not recovered yet from his wound and I think from the hacking cough he has is fast approaching the grave—he plead guilty to all the charges brought against him—

[Nov the 9th Received the news of the City of Mexico being taken]

NOV. 24. I was on guard some days ago and was obliged to put private Van Beck under arrest. He has a wife here and she was furious on hearing of it. She had always done my washing, and we were on the best of terms As soon as she heard of the arrest, she started for the guard house with a pot of hot coffee determined to throw it in my face, but meeting Lieut Bonnycastle, she told him what she was going to do. He begged her not to do it, for said he, "Madame, Lieut H is a very diffident young man, and you will frighten him to death." She then went to the Col and told him, of her resolution. He advised her not and told her to take care what she did. She said Col. I thought you were more of a gentleman than to permit Lieut H. to put my husband under arrest. She then came to the Guard house and commenced abusing me at

a high rate asked me if I thought she had nothing to do but to bring her husbands breakfast up there and said she had left all my clothes hanging on the line and that she prayed to God that they might all be stolen. I was all smiles and bows, told her that I regretted very much my having given her the smallest trouble that I was sorry that I had been obliged to punish her better half and begged her not to let any one steal my clothes She did not throw the Coffee in my face but gave it to her husband to drink It was well she did so for had she done other wise I should have put her in one of the dark cells of the guard house! It created a great laugh at the mess table, at my expense.

NOV. 27. There was great excitement in Town last night in consequence of a gun being fired in the street There was several amusing things took place during the alarm. Lieut Bonnycastle was paying a visit at Mrs Flores when the alarm was given he heard the drum roll and at the same time their came a rap at the door Mrs. Flores exclaimed very gravely You are a prisoner sir. Lieut B sprung up from his seat and said in English No not by a damn sight but at the sametime shewing by his manner and looking on all sides for some way of escape that he thought he was. Mrs. F. laughed heartily at him, and we have all plagued him to death ever since.

DEC. 4. Every thing is quiet though I think that the country is in a very unsettled state. things will not be so long their must be a change.

DEC. 8. We had a row in the square yesterday. There was quite a fight between the dragoons and some Californians The Colonel was their with a file of the guard and arrested several Spaniards and some of the soldiers. they were all put in the guard house in the cells.. I went to see the Colonel this morning to get a leave of absence for a few hours to go to the mission. He refused me. I shall not ask him again. it was the first favour that I ever asked of him. he never gave me a days leave of absence in my life.

I was at Mrs Stearns a few nights ago and had a little quarrel with my sweetheart. She asked me to sit down in a chair by her, but I told her that I was afraid of Capt Smith, who I made out to be very jealous of as he had been paying some attention to her she seemed much hurt at my refuseing to sit down along side of her and told me if I was afraid to take

the seat, that I ought to have my shoulder straps cut off and my mustaches. I then took the seat and told her it was an insult to an officer to tell him his straps should be cut off. She said not as great an insult as to plague me about a married man. I made up with her before I left that evening We have been friends ever since. She has been very sick. Dr Griffin has been trying to cure her eyes that a quack has nearly put out. I went to see her last evening and was sitting at the window when her mother came in. she didnot seem to like my being their talking to her daughter poor girl, she does not know that she has a god or that she has a soul to be saved. She has a drunken Father and her Mother is the worst of woman.

[Dec. the 9th The Guard House was blown up. 4 men killed and a number wounded.]

DEC. 9. I have not yet given an account of the explosion of the magazine at the Guard house—It has cast a gloom over us all, so many of our brave fellows have gone to there last home—It was an awful sight and I will give a detail of the proceedings of that evening as well as I can recollect them—We had been informed by our friends in the town that we were to be attacked that night and every preperation was made by us to give them (the Californians) a warm reception and as night came on I could not but feel anxious and at 12 oclock I put on my side arms and in company with Capt S patrolled the town but found all quiet We met the Sargent of the guard going round with his patrol to see if all was right—He stopped us to ascertain who we were—It was a Sargent of my own company he made the salute in a very polite manner as soon as he discovered we were his officiers I had not returned to quarters long before I went to bed and was awakened from a sound sleep by a loud explosion I was soon dressed and then heard the drum beating the alarm—I slept in the same house with Captn S— Lieut M and one Soldier—We heard horses moving around the house and the first impression was that we were surrounded but as we were well armed we passed out at the back door into the yard and I opened the gate supposing we should have to fight our way through them but no enemy was in sight and we hurried to the barracks—There we learnt that a musket had been fired at the out posts and the guard had run in—the magazine had been opened to man the battery when a spark from a post fire fell in it and the explosion took

place A number of men were hurt and some killed—some lost their eyes—The officier of the guard had a narrow escape, he was knocked down but soon recovered—But a small portion of the guard house was left standing—The Californians are much delighted at our misfortune—We buried our poor fellows a few days ago—

DEC. 13. We experienced a severe shock from an earth quake here last night at eight oclock and another this morning at day light—It shook me in my bed and made us all a little nervous—it was so soon after our gunpowder explosion—How much I miss poor Sargent Travers—he was a fine soldier and the only man I ever could get to feel the responsibility of his situation when on guard—poor fellow he has mounted his last—

DEC. 15. Lieut Davidson and Kit Carson returned from a scouting expedition to meet a body of mexicans that were coming into the Country to sell their goods,—they had but few arms and were friends to our cause—

DEC. 17. I have again had a long talk with Kit Carson—He dined with me to day He spoke of the different expeditions that he went on with Fremont and gave me many particulars of those trips—the hardships and difficulties that Fremont has never mentioned He said The government can never repay me for my trouble. He has promised to visit me when he returns to the united states—I hope that something may turn up so that I may return with him—

DEC. 27. Carson called on me to day—I had a long talk with him, he told me of his being captured at the Cars by Mrs Fremont and Carried off to Col Benton's and also his first entry in a room filled with ladies he said he never was so frightened in his life—Yes the hero of a hundred fights was scared at a room filled with ladies

DEC. 28. Lieut Davidson gave a party last night—I had been there but a few moments when I was ordered to the command of the guard by Coln S- I went to the guard house and found that the officier of the guard had been placed under arrest for getting drunk and raising the devil generally—I had been there but a few moments when I heard a great noise in the street and was informed that Lieut V— was drunk and trying to break into a store I then received orders from the officier of the day to arrest him—I proceeded to do so, found

him full of fight, knocked him down and had a general row with him—The Coln came up in the midst of it and ordered me to take him to the guard house at the same time ordering him to be quiet—He behaved very badly and tried hard to throw the Sargent of the guard down—when he got half way to the guard house—he said if we would let him go he would walk—He then walked to the guard house very quietly but gave much trouble during the night being very noisy—He was sent to his quarters in the morning by the officier of the day but did not remain in them as he broke his arrest and got drunk again and was sent again to the guard house this morning and is there at present—

JAN. 1, 1848. I was at the ball last night given by Col Stevenson—He was very polite to all and it was the most elegant affair I have ever seen in California—the supper splendid the people here had never seen the like before There was much beauty in the room—I could but regret that I could not waltz and enjoy myself as others—I however kept sober and that was more than most did—Mrs Flores was one of the belles of the evening—her sister also was much admired and bids fair to become the belle of California—I will now make a halt and write to my Dear Mother how I have spent my Christmas—

JAN. 2. I had forgotten to mention that the day we dined with Col S- he bid us all welcome to his table in a short but beautiful address—I can only recollect part of it—He said this is the day the battle of Bunkers Hill was fought and on that day I lost a grandfather—he was among the dead of that glorious fight and on this day forty nine years ago my father was tied up and flogged on board of a British man of war for refusing to touch off a gun that was to fire at the flag of his Country—The Colonel spoke for some minutes in a clear tone and eloquently—as he set down he gave the toast of our friends at home—There was none who did not drink that God grant we may spend our next new year among them— —

FREMONT, MASON AND KEARNY

I will now give an account of Coln Fremonts proceedings out here as well as the difficulty he had with Col Mason—I will give the particulars as I have heard them from those who were present. Fremont while in command of this country ruled like a despot and with an iron arm—He had a band of men with him of the lowest grade and worst of characters and permitted acts of cruelty and injustice to be committed that will ever be a stain on the character of the american

soldier in California—Genl Kearney in speaking of one of his acts—says it was murder cold blooded murder—that he (Fremont) knew it and could have prevented it and the stigma will rest not only with Coln Fremont but on us all and be a stain on our national honour—His unwillingness to yield his command up to any one, shews he had other thoughts or views than serving his country—It is said by some that had not the war broken out with Mexico Freemont would have attempted to have established and independent government and the raising of the "Bear" flag was the beginning of it—

The difficulty with Coln Mason was caused by his refusing to let Coln M's orderly come into his quarters with a message to him. Col Mason sent his orderly to Fremont requesting to see him at his quarters—he refused to permit him to come in but at the same time sent some message back—Coln Mason then sent an officier for him—who after much difficulty was permitted at last to deliver his message or order to Fremont personally, requiring his attendance at Mason's quarters—Fremont then obeyed the order and the following conversation took place—

Coln M said—Sir when I send for an officier whom I rank and command I expect him to obey me—Why did you not come Sir when I sent for you—I have a mind to put you under arrest Sir—Col F replied my business was closed with you Sir was my reason for not comeing—Col Mason immediately said—I want none of your insolence Sir—Col Fremont, that is a term applied to a menial Sir and I hope you will wave your rank and give me an opportunity to wipe it out—Col M answered within the hour Sir—at the same time telling him that double barrel shot guns must be the weapons—some delay however occurred in sending the challenge and Mason had time to think of what he was doing and he sent a letter to Fremont asking that it might be put off for a while which arrangement Fremont consented to Commodores Stockton & Biddle advised Mason not to fight Fremont—he says now he will not untill he gets to the United States

An important event has taken place—There has been a duel between my friend Lieut B and a citizen of this place—It has caused a wide breach between the citizens & officiers and it is much feared will lead to more—Lieut B was wounded in both hands his adversaries ball also cutting off the little finger of his left hand—I cannot describe my feelings on walking into my friends quarters on that morning and seeing him lying all bloody on the bed with the officiers all around him—I felt very angry and could but say—had he killed you there would have been another duel—

Col Burton has had another fight at La Paz and given the Mexicans a sound thrashing—Capt Steel and Nagle have distinguished themselves—the latter is now under arrest by order of Col Mason for shooting two prisoners that were taken in

fight—Capt Nagle's conduct has been disaproved of by all—in fact his whole course since he has been in California has been marked by cold blooded acts of cruelty—

JAN. 30. I was on guard—It was sunday and crouds of persons were walking on the heights, the day was beautiful, our band was present playing some beautiful airs I had a visit from a number of ladies among whom was the fair Isadora—I invited them in to the guard room and shewed them all the attention I could — — —

FEB. 10. There was a splendid ball given last night at the Mellis's[8]—He was very particular in his invitations————

FEB. 13. We received the news that one thousand men were wanted at Mazatlan to Garrison the places our navy had taken possession of—This news was hailed with Joy by our Regiment as we thought we had the best right to go and were much disapointed to hear that Governor Mason had sent Major Hardy to Oregon for a battalion of Mormons to go down—and Lieut Warner was dispatched to the Salt Lake for the same purpose—we all think the mormons will not go but will have no objection to Garrison this place while we go—Should we have the good fortune to go we all think it is a step nearer home—

[Febry 19th Received appointment of A. A. A. of this Post.]

FEB. 29. Left Los Angeles for Santa Barbara I was ordered by Col Mason on a courtmartial—left on Saturday morning with 18 horses and reached there on Sunday night a distance of 120 mile—staid one week at Santa B—was three days getting back—slept in the woods all night, wolves howling all around me could not sleep, hunted about in the dark for water, found a mud puddle at last drank heartily—had nothing to eat—

[March 8th Returned from Santa Barbara.]

[March 17th Recruits arrived from New York.]

MAR. 27. Placed on guard, had not been on long when I

8—Henry Mellus. From this mention of Mellus it appears that Mellus was living in Los Angeles at this time. He was married in 1847 to Anita, the daughter of James Johnson, in Los Angeles. It may be that Mrs. Howard was stopping at his house at this time.

received orders to report myself to the commanding officier Captn Smith 1st Drag the Coln being absent—which order I obeyed immediately and received orders to proceed to San Gabriel with a party of 12 dragoons to assist the Alcalde of that place to arrest some horse thieves We proceeded at a rapid rate but the birds had flown—It was my first expedition with dragoons and as I am a volunteer officier, considered it a compliment—I had also an opportunity of seeing a beautiful part of the country and we paid a long visit at Mr Reads who gave us a fine dinner and I had an opportunity of seeing the fair Donã Maria[9]—she was very polite and gave me a splendid orange—I tried hard to make friends with them all and I think my fine charger dressed off in dragoon trappings and the military appearance of the rider made quite an impression on the fair flower of San Gabriel

I will now give my readers an account of a ride I took a few days before I went on this expedition—I was riding in the neighborhood of the Mission when I came to a beautiful lake and proceeding a little further came to a high doby wall which enclosed a beautiful garden—I was much surprized on entering the gate to find my friends of the mission living there—It was Mr Reed's country seat and vinyard and he was there spending a few days with his family—I need only say I was heartily welcomed and the old fellow went through the grounds with me and shewed me every thing—In one corner of the garden there were some beautiful flower beds he told me they belonged to his daughter—they were laid off with taste and in borders like those I used to make for my poor sister now dead—As I stood and looked at this spot—thoughts of home filled my mind and I could but think of her in the cold grave and of those from whom I was so far distant—I asked myself when I should see home again and walk among the scenes of my youth—I never felt more sad or more dispirited than I did then since I left home—Yes I thought of home and of all those that are

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9—Señorita Read (Doña Maria). There is no indication in Bancroft as to what Read this was, as no one of the known Reads seems to have been in California long enough to have had a daughter, at least not a grown daughter. Probably, however, it was Hugo Perfecto Reid, who at this time must have been about forty-six or forty-seven years old, although Hollingsworth refers to him as "old Reed." It seems that he was the owner of Santa Anita, which he sold in 1847 to Dalton. It is probably the Santa Anita ranch to which Hollingsworth refers.

dear to me and when I should see them again—I trust it will not be long and that I shall find them all well and happy—

APR. 17. I have neglected to note down many occurrences of late and this is the first time I have opened my journal for many days—there is however but little stirring Carson is making preperations to leave this country for the United States and we are all grumbling at our hard fate in not being permitted to go with him—We have parades every day, duty is harder now than ever—the battalion paraded in white pants this morning in the publick square and looked well

[May 3rd Lieut Carson left for the U. S.]

MAY 13. I took a ride with my friend Donã Arcadia Sterns to day—It was a lovely afternoon and I have seldom spent so pleasant a time—I have many fears that were it not for that hateful incumbrance of a husband she has I should never leave California! He was along with [us] last evening kept close to her side but he need not have been jealous of me—I did not know when I went to ride with her that a large party were going—I have never attempted any puppyism with her and never will—

Nothing of consequence has taken place here I am acting adjutant of the Regiment and had a fine parade this morning—the men looked well, particularly the dragoons, who were dismounted and acted as infantry on the occasion—I leave here in a few days for Santa Iago on a visit of pleasure in company with Capt Smith, 1st Drag and Lieut Davidson same corps They go to visit the battle ground of Pas San Quall for the purpose of having the bodies of the officiers who fell there removed to a better place—

MAY 23. I have again returned home after an absence of six days—had a very pleasant visit to Santa Iago, made many pleasant acquaintances—visited the battle ground of San Pas Quall—of which I have already given a detail—I rode three hundred mile on horseback without tiring—

[May 30th Received a letter from home informing me of the death of my brother Edward.]

JUNE 16. There is not much stirring—many prisoners in the guard house to day under my charge—have orders to shoot down any who attempt to escape—There is one Mormon among

them in irons for forgery—he was a Lieutenant in the Mormon Battalion and passed a large amount of counterfeit money at Santa Iago as american gold—He made an attempt to escape the other night—filed off his irons and got a quarter of a mile from the guard house before he was taken—I have also two Spaniards from Sonora as prisoners—they are suspected of having assisted a man to escape from the town who had just stabbed a soldier in three places—whose life is now despaired of

[June 27th Received letters from home urging my return to the U. S.]

JUNE 27. I visited the Garden of my friend Read and had the pleasure of seeing my fair friend whom I have mentioned on the leaves of this Journal—She seemed much pleased to see me and gave me some very fine fruit Dr Murray arrived at this post a few days ago—We were all much pleased to see him—he has left this morning with quite a large party to visit my friends at the Mission—

JUNE 30. Nothing of any consequence going on Col S still at Santa Barbara—heard from him this morning, he sent for the band and intends spending the 4th July at that place —We had a beautiful parade this morning I was not on the ground being officier of the Guard—A Theatre is to open here on the fourth of July—We shall have some fine acting—I often wile away an evening at it—

JULY 5. The glorious fourth has past and without an accident of any consequence with one exception—It was the running away of the horses attached to the battery—two of the men were hurt—The celebration passed off very well with that exception—The men gave a handsome ball and the Officiers another at the Colns quarters—I did not go to either as I had not the money to subscribe and did not care about going on an invitation—

JULY 6. Two officiers arrived here from Monterey placed under arrest by Col Burton for gambling with soldiers—Col Mason thought it best to release and send them to this post to report to Col S for duty—untill the proper witnesses arrived from La Paz—They arrived here last evening and were particular in seeking out Lieut Bon — — and myself to call on us as soon as they arrived—though strangers to both—having had no intercourse since we left New York—I informed them that when

I wished to see them I would call on them. Lieut B told them the same—they are worthless fellows.

JULY 8. I paid a visit to Mrs H this morning—She is the wife of an American She was born in the Sandwich Islands and is the daughter of a Minister but educated in the United States. She related to me an occurrence of her life in which she lost a very dear friend—It was this—after her return from the United States she was one evening in a fishing boat with her father and a beautiful young female friend—her father had told them both to take their floating boards with them—these boards are used in the Islands to float on the surf—They had got some distance from the shore when the boat upset and they were obliged to cling to their floating boards for life—They immediately made for the shore and had nearly reached it when she heard a scream and on looking around saw her friend drawn under the water by a shark while she herself was soon thrown upon the shore by the waves half dead from fright—

JULY 10. I mounted guard this morning or rather had command of the Guard—We have had a funeral every evening for three days—two of the men were killed in the night by no one knows who—the last one a dragoon—I have two indian women in the guard house who are witnesses in the case—one is a very interesting woman and has a lovely white infant—a sargent told me this morning that it was his child and woman I wish they were not prisoners for I have no proper place to put them in and have to lock them up in one of the cells—

[July 18" The news of the wealth of the Gold region reached here]

JULY 18. Went to work to day and settled every bill and am glad to be able to say out of debt, but for the first time since I left home without money!—It would be unfortunate for me to be disbanded at this time for I should not then have the smallest chance of returning home—My life has been prosperous so far since I reached here & I hope a dark cloud is not gathering over me—Things appear to be getting gloomy at this post—Our men are deserting rapidly they have been paid off and the news of the immense quantities of gold that is found in the mining district is a great inducement for them to desert—We have lost eight men from one company and a rush was made yesterday by the prisoners and three of them escaped—

they were closely pursued by the guard and fired at but mounting horses that were waiting for them they got off with their irons on—Lieut Davidson and Williams have been dispatched with a party of dragoons to take them alive or dead There is great excitement among the Men—we much fear that many more will go and we need every man—Don Pio Pico has arrived from Mexico and claims the right of Governor of California—He has refused to report to Col Stevenson and Lieut Bonnycastle was sent last night to arrest him as a spy but failed to find him—He however (Pico) sent word early this morning that he would give himself up to day—If he does not I expect to be sent to the Mission to day to arrest him as I understand he is there

There is no officier in command of the dragoons and unless Lieut D returns to night I shall be assigned to duty with that Corps—I live in the barracks with them now having charge of the public funds It is a post of great responsibility for the Calafornians are more disposed for a revolt now than they ever have been—Pico is stirring them up and the Sonorians have sworn to attack the barracks and take the Iron chest that belongs to the Government They shall have a hard fight for it for I have it now safe in the room with me—

Things look still more gloomy this morning we fear many more desertions will take place—Mr Vermule[10] was arrested last night—We think he has been tampering with the men—His object has been to injure the Regiment all he could and raise a party for the gold mines—These mines will be the ruin of the Country as thousands of men are at work there now nearly in a state of starvation

Rode to the Mission of San Gabriel yesterday with Dr Murray[11]—He was much pleased with his visit and with my fair friend whom I have so often mentioned on the former pages of my journal—She was at home alone and gave us some fine fruit—And I received last night a fine basket of fruit from her —I invited all of the officiers to share them with me—

[July 24" I was sent with a detail of Dragoons to the Mountains in pursuit of Deserters.]

JULY 24. I have been on an expedition among the moun-

10—Vermeule. A Lieutenant in Company E of the Volunteers, afterwards a member of the Constitutional Convention, and remained in California. Died in San Jose before 1867.

11—Dr. Robert Murray, assistant surgeon with the Volunteers.

tains after deserters I was not successful—I spent many days in an encampment among the mountains—Had nothing to eat while gone but meat and was very glad to get back—

JULY 27. Not much stirring in town a fine ball was given by the men last night at the Theatre—some of the officiers went I did not—The alcalde had a mexican officier arrested this morning and taken to the Guard house for disrepect in Court—It was a proceeding I disaproved of very much I fear they will put him in the stocks—It is all wrong he should have been fined only—

JULY 28. An order has arrived from Col Mason directing Sergeant Falls to proceed to the United States immediately as bearer of dispatches—This selection of Col Masons has astonished every one and much indignation was expressed that one from the ranks should be preferred before an officier—The Sargent was making his preperations when becoming so elated at his good fortune—he got very drunk and caused a mutiny among the men and will be tried by a court martial tomorrow who will go now I do not know—

AUG. 2. The gold fever is raging now and there is a great disposition to desert among the men and much disatisfaction—I fear it is increasing daily—We have been under such a high state of discipline for so long a time that the news of peace has made the men the more impatient to be discharged—

AUG. 4. The mail has arrived from above Col Mason has sent an order for Lieut S of the dragoons to proceed with a party and one volunteer officier to the gold region—The post of second in command was offered to me but I declined it after much reflection—I thought it would be imprudent in my going at this sickly season of the year into that district—They have the privilege of working as much as they please and I must confess I never was more tempted in my life and hope I shall not regret that I did not embrace the opportunity of visiting the gold regions for I need all the money I can raise—I have paid my debts and owe no man anything but must say I have very little money left—God only knows how I am to get home!

AUG. 8. I went out to the mission we spent the day there with Mr Hutton,[12] he took some sketches of the place

[12]—William Hutton. No notice of Hutton in Bancroft. He went to San Gabriel with Hollingsworth, August 8, where he made the sketches of the Mission and probably others that are in the diary.

and we had some fine fruit to eat,—I have been regretting very much my not having gone to the gold region I fear it has been a mistake of mine but I trust that God will guide and council me in all things—If we are disbanded soon, I can never see home again my debts are all paid, but I have not more than 50 dollars left! I cannot go home on that, when mules are selling for $100 a piece. I had bought four some time ago when they were cheap and on the day I sent for, and to pay for them—some one had offered more for them and they were sold—

AUG. 9. I bought a wild mule last night he got away from me this morning—Major Ritch left here this morning for San Pedro, he will leave that place this afternoon for Monterey.

AUG. 10. I asked to day for leave of absence from the post for a day—it was refused me I did not want to be excused from duty for I was not on duty but I have never had one days leave of absence yet, without some hesitation on the part of Col S- my object in getting leave of absence was to go in the country some miles to purchase mules to go home on but as usual I have had bad luck—I have had nothing else of late—I thought things would not go on so fair for me much longer—Things appear dark for me now, darker than they have ever been before—

AUG. 11. I rode last night in company with Dr Murray out to the encampment of the engineering party of Lieut Warner—It was a beautiful night and we had a fine gallop by moonlight and got some fine fruit at the encampment

AUG. 13. But little stirring here—some talk of another revolution—weather warm—nearly every one has left for the gold mines—I have some thoughts myself of leaving as soon as possible

AUG. 14. Lieut Davidson left here a few days ago on a secret expedition the order was from Coln Mason—He left in the night and to the surprize of all made his men dress themselves in their best uniform—He made his appearance here again this morning having as prisoner Don Pico the former Governor of California—He is confined in the house of Col Stevenson and I believe is to be sent as a prisoner to Monterey —We have been engaged all day in trying deserters The court sat in my quarters—Col S is the president of the court—Coln

Mason is very anxious to have some of them shot but he would not approve of shooting regulars and he will not get us to shoot volunteers—I for one will not vote for shooting they did not desert to the enemy and four of them came back and delivered themselves up—

[August 17" Received the first official news of Peace.]

[August 23. Commenced making preparations for the Gold mines.]

"FAREWELL TO LOS ANGELES"

Sad is my heart! not poor pile of adobies because I am leaving thee, exchanging thy poor exterior for the bright looks of our own fine marble, brick and wooden edifices, but because of the bright eyes and warm hearts of the sunny smiled maids, your cheerless exterior hides—First to the Doña A-a whose innocent laughing mode of addressing the "teniente alto", will long be remembered with feelings of mingled Joy and sadness—Joy that I have ever possessed so much of thy esteem and friendship, sadness that our lots in this world should have been cast so widely apart—I bid a long a tender farewell, and sincerely do I pray that yours may be a life of happiness uncrossed by pain or care—Next dear Sn. Isa, but alas why name I thee so soon? why not defer to the last what I so much dread and hate—still like medicine, in one bold draught and all is o'er—to thee must I bid adieu—God had predetermined that our fates should not be linked and 'twere vain by hopes or wishes endeavour his decree revoke, as lover, faithful have I been to thee, since first we met, and now that the mandate has gone forth which separates us for ever, believe me dear one, thy image shall ever hold in my heart a foremost place In sadness and in Joy, alike, will I recall thy sweet and tender glances, linked with the memory of thy softly lisped endearments and fervently pray for your happiness—There remains but one more whom I would wish to bid farewell seperate from the general mass of my lady friends, 'tis thee Doña Do . . es, in thee saw I more of one of the "Angeles del Pueblo" thy light and aerial figure, thy ever ever smiling countenance, serenity of temper and confiding trusting love of one of my friends has endeared you to myself—and in thus leaving Los Angeles, I would bid you adieu only hoping that your lot in this life may be such as that friend may depict for you in his own heart. And in mass to Doñas Fra. Ysa. Jsa. and all the rest of those whose sweet smiles and laughing voices have aided me in passing more than a year, pleasantly and happily—I bid farewell, only wishing them husbands speedily, and worthy of their own sweet selves.

J. McH. H.—

[Evidently among the feminine friends included in this farewell are the following, whose names Hollingsworth has inscribed on several

pages of this journal, some in rather elaborately illuminated letters.]

Acadia Stearns	Señora Castro
Isadora Bandini	Señora Dolores Flores[15]
Señora Dalton[13]	Carmen Soberanes
Gabriela Soberanes[14]	Francisca Avila
Señora Mellus	Josepha Ontiveras
Señora Angusta	Doña Maria Ignacia Reed

Signorita Adeleida Johnson

MAR. 19, 1849. I have again opened my journal, after some months. Which time has been passed in California, and in undergoing many perils, hard ships, ups and downs of life. I will now try to take some note of how the time passed as I can best recollect.—

EXPERIENCES AS A GOLD FINDER

We left Los Angelos, on Sunday the 18th of September 1848, but had not gone far, when one of the carts broke down in consequence of its being overloaded, and as I was in charge of the Rearguard I halted by the side of it. Lieut Bonnycastle proceeded with the rest of the baggage. Col Stevenson ordered the mounted men with all the horses and mules to return to town. I also returned and stayed that night with Dr Griffin. The cart was mended by daylight, and went on to the encampment of Lieut Bonnycastle and I returned to take charge of the mounted men. We were soon ready and off, leaving the city rather in a ludicrous manner. The Col was mounted on a beautiful horse which he could not manage and as sundry of our mules were getting rid of their loads, the Cols horse seemed anxious to get rid of his too. I soon found out that many of our party did not know how to ride. Our friends on all sides wished us a pleasant journey, and we raised a cloud of dust as we passed through the town. I rode by the side of Col Stevenson on my beautiful gray charger arching his neck & stepping proudly, as if he was aware of the white handkerchiefs that waved to the rider a farewell from the windows.

Col Stevenson left me on the outskirts of the town, and rode on to join Lieut B—. He expressed his wish that I should

13—Mrs. Dalton. Wife of Henry Dalton and daughter of A. V. Zamorano.

14—Gabriela Soberanes. The daughter of Feliciano Soberanes, at that time owner of the Soledad ranch, Soledad Mission, and the sister of Carmen Soberanes.

15—Dolores Flores was the daughter of A. V. Zamorano and the wife of Jose Maria Flores, at that time a general in the Mexican army.

still take charge of the rearguard, with the baggage. We encamped that night on the banks of the River Puebla, and after setting a guard retired to bed, not however before I had taken a delightful bath in the river. A Californian came into camp during the night, with a letter from Lieut Davidson informing us of the desertion of a portion of their command taking all the horses belonging to the battery, arms and &.

It rained this night and our blankets were quite wet in the morning, but our party were quite cheerful and anxious to go on. We made a late start to day in consequence of the animals being wild and hard to pack. Our route lay through heavy sand through which it frequently required twelve oxen to move the carts. We arrived at the mission of San Fernando that night where we found Capt Taylors party waiting for us. Don An Pico was not at home but we were treated very kindly by his Maj Domo. We had some delightful fruit given to us. Capt F [Taylor] and Lieut B. made some arrangements here for exploring the pass of the San Fernando Mountain. They spent a day at this when there was no reason for delaying a moment I having passed through it with a party of Dragoons, on a former occasion and knew the country well. We met here with a misfortune, both of our California vicaros deserting us, taking with them a very valuable horse, and now for the first time Lieut B. appeared to feel what a responsibility he had undertaken. He did not ask my counsel nor did I offer it, and we moved up into the [arroyo] at the entrance of the mountain pass, where there was neither wood or water. Now commenced our troubles. We spent eight days here getting our goods, carts, & & & over this mountain. I worked very hard here, and we both discovered that Col Stevenson had made a very poor selection of men. They had lived in Broadway too long and did not know how to do any thing. Rather a ridiculous affair occurred here with a Dutchman of our party

After getting everything over I attempted for the first time to advise Lieut B— but I thought it was rather coldly received so I said but little One of our Indians ran away here, with a horse. He was afterwards brought back. I was anxious now to return to return to Los Angelos and try to get a vicaro to help us to manage our wild mules, and after having, rather a sharp discussion, with Lieut B— upon that point he agreed that it was best, I should return I was gone two days and obliged to return without getting a vicaro, though I was prom-

ised two or three. All my friends were glad to see me, and I carried back a good many letters to Lieut B. urging him, not to go father into the Toolaries as the route was impassable, but go the coast route. I saw many who had been that route and they all said it was impractible. On my return to camp, I found much dissatisfaction existing among the men. Lieut B— had very little to say, and appeared quite gloomy. Things had now come to a stand We had made but little progress on our way to the gold region, and yet we had broken down many of our animals, one of which was my mule, that had been overpacked with flour. We had gone through many difficulties, Capt T— had also got over the mountain and was encamped on the same spot with us.

The night after I arrived in camp from Los Angelos, Capt T, Lieut B, Lieut W Lieut C and myself, held a counsel among ourselves to consider what was best to be done. There were some warm words by all parties. I became disgusted at the proceedings and retired to my bed, without giving my opinion on the matter. Lieut B- was warmly in favour of the Toolari route, Capt T wanted to go the coast route, and the rest were divided I should have voted to return to the coast In the morning our camp was rather gloomy in consequence of all parties being out of humour Previous to this consultation, two separate parties had left our camp to explore father in the mountains, one headed by Lieut B, who returned in a few hours without having done any thing or giving any satisfactory reason why he had not. The other by Lieut W, who penetrated nearly to the Toolaries, and reported it practicable for carts to pass with oxen. Capt Taylor now decided to return to the coast and proceed by that route Lieut B after holding a short talk with the men determined to go ahead. I was not present at this last consultation or I should have voted for returning and even after Lieut B- had decided to go on, had I said any thing to the men, they would have done any thing for me. I was popular among them. I could see that our troubles had just begun. I now went ahead with the advance guard, and after toiling the entire day up a steep sandy ravine the night set in very dark and our guide still pointed ahead when we asked for water, I found that it would be impossible to go father that night, and we halted in the sand and after placing a guard, the men laid down in every direction. The rear guard had not yet come up. It arrived about midnight. The men tired out and all discour-

aged. Lieut B- said nothing and appeared out of humour. It had been very warm all day, but it now became excessively cold. We had travelled the entire day without any water and had just encamped where there was neither fire wood water or grass. Some of our men suffered very much, and had my advice been asked, at this hour of the night I would have said, mount, and return even with our tired animals. I waked early in the morning, and found that the guard had all laid down to sleep leaving the animals to get away. Not one of the oxen, or a single horse were to be seen, except my noble gray who was tied at my head. I was soon in my saddle leaving the camp buried in sleep, returned on the back trail at a hard gallop; rode the entire day without water or food, came up with the animals and succeeded in bringing them all into camp that night. They had succeeded in getting some wood and making some picket fires, all around the camp, placing the animals in the centre. The entire party were on guard this night, Lieut B- and myself were moving around the camp all night, to see that the men kept awake. Lieut B- appeared to appreciate my services, and for the first time we had some conversation. During the night he told me that he had determined to return and go the coast route. I told him I was delighted to hear it, and urged him to start early in the morning, leaving the carts and baggage to follow, pledging myself to bring them safely out of the [mountains.] We found in the morning that all the oxen but eight had gotten past the pickets in the night, and returned to San Fernando mountain.

Lieut B left early in the morning with all the mounted men, with the intention of encamping at the head of the Santa Clara river, and there waiting for me. I soon despatched one of the carts after him and once more mounted my poor, horse, who had now been without food or water for three days. The only water we had was brought from a mud hole some six miles off Some of the men suffered so much that they could not retain their tongues in their mouth I pushed hard after the stray oxen (leaving five men to guard the remaining cart,) and finally came up with them, returned to the cart and made a hurried start. I reached the head of the Santa Clara river the day after and joined Lieut B- who was much delighted at my success. We now followed the bank of the river towards the great road that leads from Los Angelos to Monterey. We made forty miles this day encamping at a fine ranche [Camulos?],

where we were kindly recieved by the people. We rested the next day at this ranche and some of our men killed some game which was prepared in a fine pot pie. We were about to sit down to it, when it was discovered as the animals were driven in for the night that several mules were lost, and had taken the back track. None but a stupid mule, would have thought of going back to the place we had left, for there was nothing to attract even a mule. I thought it best to go after them at once before it got too dark, and taking one man with me, we left the pot pie behind us. Starting at a hard gallop but dismounting every moment to examine the tracks in the road, we rode till midnight without success. We then laid down a pile of straw, and wrapping our blankets around us tried to forget our hunger in sleep. I had just fallen into a slumber when I was startled by an awful jerk I waked up and found that my horse had been frightened by the other one jumping against him, and had dragged the saddle from under my head. I had tied him to my saddle when I lay down. I could not help laughing at the surprise of the wild Irishman, who was with me. His horse had sprung away, dragging his saddle also, from under his head, and he sat bolt upright looking wildly around him, not knowing whether his scalp had been taken or not. At daylight, we went back to our camp, and found the party preparing to start having found the mules during our absence, so my hard ride did no good and nearly finished my noble gray. The severe hardships he had undergone caused him to hang his head, and look so badly, I determined to tie him to a cart, and walk untill he recovered. I had now lost a mule, worth two hundred dollars to me and broken down my favorite horse all for Col Stevenson. Our Indians with the guide at this time all ran away in the night Some of the men, volunteered to drive the carts in their place, and we pushed rapidly on travelling night and day, and at last reached the mission of [San Buenaventura] situated on the great road and only two days travel from Los Angelos, we having left that place more than a month, and if they would have listened to me, we might by this time have been in the mines and Col S- have made $20,000.

We now travelled fast for Santa Barbara leaving at every step our broken down animals in the road, Lieut B now came to the conclusion that as soon as we arrived at Sta B. he would leave all the baggage and leaving me five men and one cart we arrived there after great difficulties Lieut B- then hastened on,

leaving me in charge of the baggage to follow, more slowly. It was with great difficulty I could keep my men from giving up at the [Santa Inez?] mountain. I was obliged to pack all the baggage on the back of my poor grey, and the noble fellow was almost broken down passing over the mountain. We had now arrived at the Indian country, and my men became very much alarmed in consequence, of their having attacked several parties. We met a party who had been attacked and beaten by them and on their seeing the wounded men their hearts failed them, and they begged to go back. Some swore they would not fight. I told them I was determined to go ahead and the first man who refused to fight on our being attacked I would shoot him. This had a good effect on them and I heard no more of it. As we were getting to our journeys end, I made a stop of four days to recruit, my worn out animals, at the ranch of Capt Damers.[16] I did not at first pitch my tents, near the house, but upon his hearing that I was encamped near, he sent for me to come and take supper with him The next day I moved my encampment close to the house. He was very kind to me made me take all my meals at his house. His pretty daughter always sat at the head of the table and appeared to be a kind hearted girl. I took leave of this place with some regret and moved on as rapidly as possible. At one time we had nearly overtaken Lieut B-

Our road got worse daily and we were sometimes four days making six miles. The men frequently were ready to give up and nothing but my popularity prevented their leaving, goods, carts, and all in the road. Once, and only once, did I feel like giving up. It was when a cart was stuck in the sand at twelve oclock at night, with twelve oxen in it, and they could not move it. I then for the first time gave up and told the men, they might do as they pleased. I would work no more. They went to work and finally got it out.

I have forgotten to mention that on our arrival at Santa Barbara, our party caused some excitement, in consequence of their all being dressed in scarlet shirts. They could not make out at first who we were. Indeed we did make rather a piratical appearance. How different it was from my last appearance at that place I was a member of a court martial, drest in full uniform, with my side arms, and mounted on a fine horse, with a dozen fresh horses with me Now I was on foot and so

16—Probably the ranch of Capt. William G. Dana, in San Luis Obispo County.

changed in appearance and circumstances, no one could recognise me. I passed close to a lady, I was well acquainted with, but she did not know me. On my arriving at the Ranch of Don ——— fifteen miles from Monterey, I found the rest of the party. They had brought thirteen animals out of sixty four head. Lieut B had gone into Monterey to have an interview with Col Stevenson. He had left a letter here for me telling me to take charge of every thing, and wait untill I was joined by Col Stevenson. I also received a letter here from Col S. which was very kind telling me that he would soon join me, and we would start afresh. He did not appear to mind his losses in the least. We waited here four days, and were then joined by Col S and Lieut B-. Col S told me he was well satisfied with my exertions, to save his property. He brought fresh mules, a wagon, and plenty of provisions. I was also much pleased by a visit from Dr Murray who came with them. He brought me some cloathes and a package off letters from home. The letters were often read during my travels afterwards. The Doctor always thinks of me. He heard that I was sick, and took this long ride to see me—He is the same warm hearted fellow still

Our party had now become quite large Several more men came with Col S and some Indians. The Col took charge of the party and in company with Lieut B- kept always at the head of the advance guard. While I still remained in charge of the rear and the baggage, always encamping with them at night, and sleeping in the same tent with Col S and Lieut B-. After many days of toil we reached the beautiful valley of the Toolaries. We spent four days here recruiting our animals and hunting. Then moved on and crossed the San Joaquin Our progress became very slow, owing to the badness of the road. On arriving at the Mokelamy river, I there saw for the first time little particles of gold, washed from the earth. Col S- here had the misfortune to lose all his mules during the night. I had told him I thought it was better to starve than lose our animals, and begged him to have them tied up at night but he neglected to do so. I tied all my oxen up and was ready to move on in the morning. Col S- sent me on with the carts and all the men but five who were to take charge of the wagon and remain with himself and B- untill they could find the mules to haul it. I moved on to the center of what is called the dry diggings pitched our tents and commenced preparing for winter.

I bought a house for myself and my friend B- and began digging for gold. My first days work was very encouraging. I dug about forty dollars, and the next two days not twenty five cts.—Col S- and B- joined us, and sold off their goods very rapidly, at enormous prices.

The winter now set in with great severity. Snow fell deep and we soon saw what hardships we must undergo if we remained all the winter in the mines So after a hasty consultation, we determined to return to San Francisco or Monterey at once. We sold off every thing but our blankets and the clothes on our backs We saw our bright dreams of fortune fade away. Some of our party were lucky but the greater number could not make their bread. So we made rapid preparations to leave the gold region. Col S- B, and myself set out early one bright morning to return. We were on foot, our rifles and our blankets being packed on the only horse we had, and on reaching the Mokelamy river, he fell down in it, wetting every thing we had It was with much difficulty, I got the things on shore, and our troubles came thick upon us. The Col. soon discovered that he had left his great coat in the mines with $1500, in the pocket. Our horse now broke down and Bonny concluded to stop and encamp, while the Col pushed on with the guide towards Sutters fort with the intention of sending mules for our use. I shouldered my rifle with the determination of going back for Col S-s coat. The snow had fallen to the depth of several inches, and the weather became very severe. After assisting B. to build a good fire to protect him from the bears during the night I left him with a young Spaniard and set out on my lonely tramp over the snow. I was fortunate in not losing our trail and arrived late at night in the mines. I found the coat but no money in it, nor had there ever been any there.

I remained in the mines all night and set out early in the morning to join B—. I found him buried in snow and half frozen. His fire having burnt down in the night he could not renew it owing to the situation of his hand. We spent another night in this wild spot, without any news of Col S- or the mules. I then advised that we should move on and try to find our own way through the wilderness. B- consented at last and we made a late start. We had gone but a few miles when our poor broken down horse rolled down a hill dragging me after him. We hid all our things, and taking our blankets on our

backs we set out, I taking the lead. It was with great difficulty we followed the trail. Once we lost it and B sat down much discouraged on the snow. I circled round like an old hound untill I found it once more, and we then went rapidly on untill night came on with a terrible snow storm. Of all the nights spent in California, I think that was the worst. I hope I shall never spend such another. We however got safely to a Frenchmans hut, where we were well treated, and after a few more hard ships we joined Col S- at a ranch near Sutters fort. There I left him and B- to return to the place where I hid the things. I took two mules on this back trip but I got benighted, and came very near being taken by the Indians. I found the things safe, and brought them to Stevenson. I then left for Monterey, where I arrived after eight days, completely broken down. I had tracked my way over the snow and through the wilderness of San Joaquin, sometimes alone and part of the time with one companion He was a volunteer I had formerly known, and met near

In those few days I suffered, I think, everything Hunger and cold, the constant dread of Indians and wild beasts. One day when we ventured to make a little fire, the explosion of some cartridges nearly put out my eyes, and caused me great suffering. We were then lost on the great plain. I have left out much that was interesting in this trip, for want of time, and have only written that, which would most interest my friends, should this book ever come to their hands. Suffice it now to say that a few more days of such suffering would have ended my days in this world

There is one circumstance I have never related and though it is long, since it occurred it is yet fresh on my memory. when Col. Stevenson left us in the snow, at the time I returned to the camp for his coat, he took with him the only guide we had, and arrived safely at a Tradeing post, twenty miles from Sutters fort. He their began to recollect, where he had left us and that we had ten thousand Dollars in gold dust of his in our possession. As the hours rolled away without any news of us, he began to fear we were lost, he made several offers to persons of a large sum of money to go in the snow and bring us out safely; he went as far as to offer two thousand dollars, as the time wore on he became more urgent, and walked the floor, appearing to be bowed down with the trouble that surrounded him, as he after wards said, his heart was with us in our strug-

gles, threw the snow. He was much rejoiced to see a volunteer [illegible word] at the tradeing post, who on hearing of the trouble that two of the officers of his regiment were in offered without pay to take some mules, and go to their relief. He started and met us seven miles from the post trudgeing threw the snow knee deep with the determination of reaching the tradeing post or die trying. We had left our baggage behind, but brought the money safe. I returned for the baggage, and brought it safe to the Col. The next day was Christmas, what a Christmas it was to us. We bought a salmon for eight dollars, and tried to make merry. The next day we all separated, I started to trudge my way threw the snow to Monterey, a distance of seven hundred miles, alone

LETTER FROM BELT TO HOLLINGSWORTH

Stockton July 7th 1849

My Dear Hollingsworth

I have just understood from Penny that you had met with a loss by the burning of your camp &c &c—dam the difference, strike a hard blow—& make it up, you can easily do it, providing you dont get discouraged. I am at your service, any way that I can assist you will afford me pleasure, you can draw upon me at ten days sight for two or three thousand dollars, if you want it, or any amount of goods. I leave here to morrow morning for San Francisco, is the reason I say ten days sight, for by that time I will be back from San Francisco. I shall leave directions with my bookkeper to accept your draft, (Brinsmade)

Dont fail to make use of me, either you or any of your partners, so cheer up & laugh at your misfortunes, it can be easily be made up—

In great haste as the stage is about starting

Yours &c &c

Geo G Belt

AUG. 17, 1849. I once more take my pen in hand having skiped over the last five months of my life. I have again passed over the San Joaquin valley the scene of my former hardships and explored still further into the Placers. And I now again have returned to Monterey resolved to go home. I lost all by a fire in the mines. I must now return home a poor man.

TWO SCENES IN CALIFORNIA DRAWN BY WILLIAM HUTTON
THE MISSION OF SAN GABRIEL IN CALIFORNIA DRAWN BY
WILLIAM HUTTON OF WASHINGTON CITY

FAREWELL TO MONTEREY AND CALIFORNIA

All great men find it troublesome to commence a work of any character whatever; few like to acknowledge this, but those who have the honesty to do so, are always certain to find a responsive chord in our breast touched. Our great nature's poet Burns is never happier than when rhyming over the trouble it costs him to spur on his Pegasus, or his labor in wooing the muse to her work. Byron though so voluminous had his hours of listlessness; he too, spurred, as you can perceive in some labored verses. But of all incentives to action, the greatest spur is a friend dinging at your elbow with "do it to-day, come, do it now, or you will forget and leave it unfinished": this I have found more urging than poverty itself. Is not some of this dread of commencing at the foundation of the feeling so beautifully alluded to by Jefferson where he says men will bear with wrong under an old government and customs long and painfully rather than make the effort to throw it off. A doubt of the result of the effort, has an undoubted influence in holding us back.

After all this preamble you may think, my friends, that there is some great work in prospective—Well I have such an one—You now expect a Tam O'Shanter, or a Childe Harold or a Declaration of Independence—not a bit of it will you get. The work referred to, is to bid my old Monterey friends good bye; and this you may think easy, but hold: have you ever been in peace, in war, in camp, in garrison, in speculation, with the same friends in sickness and in health, in conditions that required consolation and in conditions where you had had the sweet opportunity of affording condolence? have you been in a country where it grew up with you, when all its hills, vallies, towns, and wealth, and natural beauty changed owners under your eye, and the flag of your country, spreading itself as gracefully as calmly, shed its benign laws over a new people, making them all to feel themselves Princes despite their efforts to the contrary? When you knew the whole economy of the nation, had been intrusted in its councils, and had grasped the hands of hundreds of your countrymen, greeting them joyfully as they landed to take possession of the land of promise that you had borne a hand in conquering?

This, all this, and every particle of it can be laid as flattering unction to the soul. And then when to this vast amount of sentiment, is added the feeling of endearment to persons, who (permitting their pride of nation to be conquered by the more worthy feeling, love to the human race) have performed the duties of mother, sisters, and brothers, the penstock of man's nature is filled and he dreads a leave-taking, fearful, not so much of showing any weakness as of ruining that sensibility which it should be our aim to preserve green and delicate, as the hour it was implanted in us by our Creator—

Man's obligations however, are extensive, and fie on him, who, forgetting his native scenes and first friends, should forget his duties to them. The first mentioned endearments are received, the latter are inherent, and though stiller yet are they the more deeply moved, when the rambler once again visits the scenes of his childhood and the homes of the friends of his adolescence.

Then California good-by with an **hasta despues**; if ever the despues comes, you can rest satisfied that none will greet your cloud-bound coast with a more loving exclamation, than the tall friend you have so long and generously nurtured. In his absence there may not be a watering place on your long line of road, which shall not receive the tribute of his remembrance; not a street, path, or passage, adobie wall, dingy hut, or parlor in misty Monterey that will not again and again be trod over in sweet and plodding thought.

And rest you well my friends—You with whom I've borne war's alarms—with whom I've passed the bivouac—with whom I've threaded the weary march—with whom I've starved—with whom I've feasted, may sleep rest lightly on your pillows and bright reality open with the day, may peace and honor in age crown your toil of youth — —

And You, lastly, because most entitled to our freshest recollections; most great, because most virtuous; most worthy, because most kind and gentle; most lovely and fair; most alive to distinguishing and rewarding honor and virtue in us poor sons of Adam; how well would I feel rewarded, if I but knew that while there a thousand leagues hence, while resting on my pillow some kind voice should be murmuring "I wish he were here". And to particularize, Doña A. . . . . and her witching M. . . . . , from whose eyes shoot more meteors of

love than stars there are that sparkle in her name—The blooming peach-cheeked Anna C.—

> "And one whose name I may not say,
> For not Mimosa's tender tree
> Shrinks sooner from the touch than she."

May all your daughters be as virtuous as their mothers, and your sons, wise and brave.

All! All!! All!!! Goodby—

J. McH. H.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA
Extract From New York Mirror

"Among the arrivals are Lieutenants Beale and Elliott, U. S. N.; and Lieutenant McHenry Hollingsworth, late of the 1st New York Regiment of Volunteers.... Lieutenant Hollingsworth, after four years' arduous service in California, during which he acquitted himself honorably and creditably, was elected as a Delegate to the Convention, from the district of San Joaquin, by a large majority of the voters—a token of distinction the more honorable, from the fact that he took no part whatever in the election, and was absent in Monterey at the time. His character and services so far gained the esteem of Govr Riley, and the officers of the existing civil government, that, although many applicants pressed their claims, he was selected as bearer of the new constitution to the President of the United States, together with official despatches to the War Department—a mark of confidence of which many an older officer might well be proud. Lieutenant Hollingsworth leaves California, warmly esteemed by all who knew him, and with the best wishes for his future welfare."